

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
1. Oregon, . . . . .	<i>Times and Bell's Messenger,</i> . . . 537
2. Dr. Edward Jenner, . . . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i> . . . . . 539
3. Sophia of Wolfenbittel, . . . . .	" " . . . . . 543
4. History of the Fireplace, . . . . .	" " . . . . . 545
5. Mr. Caudle's Party, . . . . .	<i>Punch,</i> . . . . . 550
6. The Portendick Blockade, . . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . . . 550
7. National Arbiters, . . . . .	" " . . . . . 551
8. A Bit of Still Life in Connemara, . . . . .	<i>Ainsworth's Magazine,</i> . . . . . 553
9. The Victims of Diplomacy, . . . . .	" " . . . . . 554
10. Steam Communication with France, . . . . .	<i>Morning Herald,</i> . . . . . 556
11. How to deal with Irish Treason, . . . . .	<i>Examiner,</i> . . . . . 557
12. Electric Telegraph, . . . . .	<i>Globe,</i> . . . . . 558
13. Impunity of Military Misconduct, . . . . .	<i>Examiner,</i> . . . . . 559
14. American Designs regarding Oregon, . . . . .	" " . . . . . 561
15. Maynooth : a Voice from the Past, . . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . . . 563
16. Sidney's Life of Lord Hill, . . . . .	" " . . . . . 564
17. On the Occult Sciences, . . . . .	<i>North British Review,</i> . . . . . 567
18. Capabilities, . . . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i> . . . . . 583
POETRY.—Poet's Appeal, 544—Parental Ode to My Son, 549—Mirror of the Danube, 552—Care in Heaven, 562—Saturday Night Thoughts, 584.	
SCRAPS.—Literature going to the Wall; Old Couple, 548—Mr. Hood; New Potatoes; Lusus Naturæ, 549—Theobald Mathew, 558—Porcelain Painting, 561—British Association, 566—Railway across Menai Straits, 582—Paraguay, 584.	

From the Times.

## OREGON.

It is convenient and desirable that the public in this country should be in possession of the views taken of the Oregon question by men of coolness and judgment on the other side of the Atlantic; and at the present moment the opinions contained in the last letter of our correspondent, "A Genevese Traveller," and in the speech delivered by Mr. Calhoun in the month of January, 1843, will have been read with the greatest interest. The argument of our correspondent scarcely touches the real merits of the case; it amounts simply to this,—that the Americans have on all occasions claimed the whole of the territory in dispute, and that the compromise they offered in 1826 is the utmost limit of concession on their part. We anticipated some weeks ago the difficulty which Mr. Polk might have to encounter, if he were disposed to conclude a convention on any terms less favorable to the United States than those which constituted the *ultimatum* of the commissioners of 1826, namely, the prolongation of the 49th degree parallel of latitude from the Rocky Mountains to the sea. But, in reality, those former abortive negotiations have nothing to do with the matter. If this was a question of absolute, indefeasible right to the territory, it would admit of no surrender and no delay on either side; but it is, on the contrary, a joint, indefinite, and abstract right, and it is only by some species of concession or partition that it can ever receive any concrete shape or real character at all. The opinion of Mr. Gallatin is reported to be, "that the American claim to Oregon up to the 49th degree of latitude is clear and indisputable; beyond that point to the 55th degree it is fairly the subject of argument and

compromise." Whereas the opinion of the best authorities in this country is precisely the inverse, namely, that the British claim from the 55th to the 49th degree is clear, indisputable, and exclusive, but that south of the 49th degree the territory is open to joint occupation and ultimate partition. This is the view taken by the French writer, M. Duffot de Mofras, as the most favorable to the Americans which he can at all bring himself to entertain; and it is the principle upon which alone Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Addington negotiated on behalf of the British government in 1826. In point of fact, however, this distinction with reference to the 49th parallel of latitude appears to us to be arbitrary and unfounded; that line has never been mentioned in any of the earlier treaties; and it has now crept into the discussion apparently for no better reason than that it is the boundary of the two states east of the Rocky Mountains established by the convention of 1818.

It is, however, to be feared that the unsuccessful negotiations which were terminated by the temporary convention of 1827, will materially embarrass both parties in the course of that arrangement which is now pending. The question we are trying to untie has unluckily run into a knot; and neither country cares to yield one jot more than it would twenty years ago;—a memorable example, be it observed, of the danger of abortive attempts at negotiations, when the very fact and cause of a former failure becomes hereafter a serious aggravation of the real difficulty! In this instance, as between the two parties to the dispute, the point of honor thus raised long ago has more real weight than the geographical merits of the case or the actual amount of interest. But it is by the merits of the case and the fair interests of

the parties that the controversy ought to be decided; and the only mode in which such a decision can be obtained, with a perfect safety to the honor of both states, is by the arbitration of a third power. This is the expedient which the British government has more than once urged on that of the United States.

We have already stated, on a former occasion, what, in our opinion, ought to be the alternative—namely, a notice on the part of the British government, that the convention of 1827 shall terminate at the expiration of twelve months. But this opinion, which has not been lightly taken up, receives the strongest corroboration from the language used by Mr. Calhoun, in January, 1843. Assuming the rights of the two nations in Oregon to be equal, and the resolution to defend those rights to be on both sides the same, the late American Secretary of State pointed out to the Senate, in the most forcible language, the absolute impossibility of sustaining a contest with Great Britain at the present time in and for the Oregon territory. That coast is separated from our mighty eastern establishments by only a few weeks' sail across the Pacific; an American squadron must circumnavigate Cape Horn by a route of 18,000 miles before it could reach the Columbia. By land the difficulties are still more insurmountable; for who ever transported an army across 1,200 miles of pathless desert, where the only food to be obtained is the game still in undisturbed possession of those midland solitudes? The country is, as we have repeatedly observed, inaccessible to any people or any forces but our own; and moreover, it is already in the possession of our Hudson's Bay Company.

"But," says Mr. Calhoun, after establishing these certain, though unpalatable facts, "the way by which Oregon can be secured is to bide our time. All we want to effect our object in this, is *wise and masterly inactivity*." He repeats Mr. Greenhow's recommendation, which we quoted on a former occasion, to let the matter rest until the forces of the claimants are somewhat more equal than they are at present; and this is the only argument, be it observed, which has been used to restrain the American people. If you snatch at it, they are told, it is lost; if you wait, it is yours.

And is this argument to be lost upon us? Can we doubt that if this aggressive policy is bequeathed to another generation of Americans it will be faithfully carried out against another generation of Englishmen? Are we to stand unmoved, or to wait with stolid complaisance, because our aggressor tells us he is not quite strong enough at present to fulfil his intentions and wrest a province from the dominions of the crown? Are these fair conditions of joint occupancy, or an honest interpretation of an amicable convention? Fortunately for ourselves, Mr. Polk thought fit to throw off this "wise and masterly inactivity," and to tell the citizens of the United States that he is prepared to use all his constitutional powers for the immediate prosecution of what he terms their clear and unquestionable rights. It might have appeared overbearing if this country had availed herself of the superior advantages of her position to demand a settlement of the Oregon question, and had used menacing language in case of a refusal. But these pretensions have been raised by the other, and, as we believe, the weaker side—weaker both as to the merits of the case and as to the power of supporting it. The time for inactivity is past, for that is the very weapon

which we are told, by the best authority, is to be used against us. It is still as desirable and as possible as it has ever been, that the question should be settled by an equitable arrangement, sanctioned, if necessary, by an arbitration. But if the American cabinet slinks back into that inactivity of which we now thoroughly understand the meaning and the motive, it becomes the British ministers to put an end to a convention that only affords a cloak for hostile designs against a British province, which have been already openly avowed by the President of the United States, and are only postponed by the superior craft of other American statesmen.

From Bell's Messenger, 17 May.

OUR RELATIONS WITH AMERICA.—American papers have arrived to a late date, and we are happy to say that they fully justify our anticipation that there is no fear of war between Great Britain and the United States. Indeed, as regards the American government, all common sense was opposed to such an apprehension. As the Oregon district is the terminus with the Western American boundary, there is absolutely nothing but the physical difficulties of the journey to prevent the immigration of American citizens in any numbers or at any time, and there is not a power on earth which could prevent their settlement in this disputed district at pleasure. There is nothing to prevent them going either singly or in masses, and there is no power can reach them to prevent their settlement, or afterwards to dispossess them. They are wholly beyond the reach of fleets and armies. Under such circumstances it is obvious that nothing is wanting but time to put them in as full an occupation of the country as they could desire. Mr. Calhoun, one of the oldest members of Congress, seems fully aware of this circumstance, and in answer to a former proposal for more decided measures upon this point, concluded his speech with the following emphatic words:—"If the house would take my advice, they will let the matter rest, until by the course of time the forces of the claimants become more equal than they are at present. The way by which Oregon is to be secured is to bide our time. All we want to effect our object in this case is a wise and masterly inactivity."

The majority of the American papers now arrived, entirely adopt this view of the case. "We do not believe," says one of them, "that there is any hazard of war. The question is preëminently one for arbitration. Great Britain, as heretofore, has offered to submit it to arbitration under the most liberal conditions. Should this offer be renewed, we have no hesitation in saying that it should be at once accepted. We should run no risk of losing anything to which we have a right; and when rights are conflicting, mutual concessions which a neutral party would deem just, should then reconcile them."

If it should be objected that the British government is now so committed, that in point of honor and dignity we cannot ourselves come forward with this offer, the American papers here also afford a very satisfactory answer; so far at least as regards the leading point that, in fact, there is no apprehension of any war. It appears by the journals now arrived, that the American government itself is about to imitate this proposal of referring the whole matter to arbitration, and some of them proceed to the length of stating that Mr. Van Buren has been selected as the Minister to England for this purpose. Our own opinion is that it will come to this.

From Chambers' Journal.

## DR. EDWARD JENNER.

THIS celebrated man, the discoverer of the art of vaccination, was born in the vicarage of Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, on the 17th of May, 1749. He was the third son of the vicar, and his mother was descended from an ancient and respectable family in the neighborhood. Losing his father at an early age, he was indebted for his education to the care and solicitude of an elder brother. Young Jenner chose the profession of medicine, and after acquiring the elements of the art at Sodbury, near Bristol, he went to London, and became a pupil and inmate of the celebrated John Hunter. From this enthusiastic and successful cultivator of the science of life Jenner caught the true art of philosophic investigation. They instantly became friends, and this friendship continued during life. Having finished his preliminary studies, he now returned to his native village to practise his profession. Other offers were then and subsequently held out to him, but his love of the country made him proof against them all. He was indeed a true lover of nature. With an inquiring and ever active mind, which prompted him to the investigation of nature's works, he had also that deep feeling of the beautiful and fair which accompanies a poetic temperament. His professional journeys through the district were lightened and diversified by scientific pursuits, and many of his leisure hours devoted to discoveries in natural history. His remarks on the singular and anomalous habits of the cuckoo excited the attention of the members of the Royal Society, and found a place in their printed transactions.

But one subject took possession of his mind, and engrossed his chief attention even from his earliest youth. In the great dairy county of Gloucestershire, where his inclination, and, it may be said, his destiny had placed him for a great purpose, it was a prevalent opinion that a disease was communicated from the teats of the cows to the hands of their milkers, by which the latter were ever afterwards protected from small-pox. While Jenner was a student at Sodbury, a young country woman came to seek advice. The subject of small-pox was mentioned in her presence: she immediately observed, "I cannot take that disease, for I have had cow-pox." This incident riveted the attention of Jenner, and the impression then made took full possession of his mind, and was never effaced. He communicated his views some time afterwards to John Hunter, who, although he had not turned his mind to the subject, was far from stifling any inquiry of the kind, and who, in his characteristic way, replied to the young philosopher, "Don't think, but try; be patient, be accurate." From his professional friends in the country, however, his theory met with nothing but discouragement: they, too, as well as Jenner, had heard the vulgar reports of the country people; but the circumstance was so out of the common routine, that they gave it no credit, and never thought of putting it to the test of experiment. In vain did Jenner urge on the discussion of the subject at their professional meetings—they refused to listen, and even laughed him to scorn. But Jenner, though he was thus compelled to fall back upon his own solitary thoughts, was not the character thus to be persuaded from his pursuit; like every man destined to achieve great things, he was firm of pur-

pose. For twenty years he brooded over the subject, collected facts, and made experiments; till at last, being fully convinced in his own mind that he had compassed the whole bearings of the subject, he came to the resolution of presenting the great discovery as a gift to mankind. The conclusions to which he arrived were as follows:—

The disease called *variola*, or small-pox, is common to man, and to several of our domestic animals, as the cow, horse, goat, &c.; but while in man it presents a severe and virulent disease, in passing through the system of brutes it becomes a mild and innocent affection.

The heels of horses are often affected with this disease, which, though frequently accompanied by what is called grease, is not identical with this latter. If a portion of the matter from the *vesicles* or little blisters on the heel of the horse, be taken and applied to the nipples of the cow, the peculiar disease is communicated to the cow; or, on the other hand, the horse may be infected from the cow. Matter taken from the vesicle of the horse or the cow, and inserted below the skin of the human subject, produces there a similar vesicle of a peculiar nature, which, running its course, protects the individual from an attack of the small-pox.

In order to insure complete success in this operation, certain cautions are necessary. The lymph must be taken before the expiry of a certain number of days, and the person to be vaccinated must be free from any other disease of the skin. Unless these conditions are attended to, a true vaccine disease will not be produced, and consequently no protection will follow.

In the true small-pox, it is a well-ascertained fact, that occasionally there are cases where persons who have gone through the disease regularly have again been seized with a second attack.

The same thing holds true with cow-pox. Although the great majority of those vaccinated are forever afterwards protected from the disease, yet cases occur where, after vaccination, an attack of small-pox has followed.

Vaccination, then, though not an absolute and universal protection, is as much so as small-pox is from a second attack of the same; with this important recommendation, that it substitutes a mild and harmless affection, or rather, it may be called, a remedy, for a violent and dangerous disease.

Even in those rare cases where small-pox occurs after the most careful vaccination, the disease is always mitigated, and very rarely proves fatal.

Such are briefly the conclusions to which Jenner had arrived at this early period of his investigations; and as a proof of his superior sagacity and accuracy of observation, it may be stated that little more has ever been added to his great discovery, and that subsequent experience has only illustrated the truth of his opinions and the efficacy of his practice.

The first "Inquiry into the Nature of Cow-Pox," published by Jenner, was a calm, philosophical, and extremely modest statement of his discoveries; and perhaps on this account it was received with the greater favor by the reflecting portion of the public. Some writers have hinted that he too sanguinely maintained the efficacy of cow-pox, and its future power of totally extirpating small-pox. Some degree of enthusiasm might be pardoned in the original discoverer of such a remedy; but on candidly comparing Jen-



ner's conclusion with the facts which have subsequently occurred, there seems nothing overstrained, and little that can be deducted from his statements.

In the spring of 1780, while riding in company with one of his earliest and dearest friends, his mind being full of the subject, he ventured to unbosom himself of his cherished hopes and anticipations; and after a detail of his opinions—"Gardner," said he, "I have intrusted a most important matter to you, which I firmly believe will prove of essential benefit to the human race. I know you, and should not wish what I have stated to be brought into conversation; for should anything untoward turn up in my experiments, I should be made, particularly by my medical brethren, the subject of ridicule, for I am the mark they all shoot at."

It was not, however, till 1796, on the 14th day of May, that the first attempt was made to convey, by artificial means, the vaccine virus from one person to another. On that day Jenner took some matter from the hand of Sarah Nelones, who had been infected by her master's cow, and inserted it by two slight scratches of a lancet into the arms of James Phipps, a healthy boy of eight years of age. The disease took effect, and went through its stages in the most regular and satisfactory manner. But now the most agitating part of the experiment remained: it was necessary to ascertain whether this boy was secured from the infection of small-pox. In the following July, variolous matter was carefully inserted into his skin by various incisions, and to the delight and satisfaction of Jenner no disease followed—the protection was complete. He now pursued his experiments with redoubled ardor: the goal of all his ardent hopes was seen close at hand. It was his custom at this time to meditate much as he rambled in the meadows under the castle of Berkeley. He has left us a picture of his feelings at this period full of interest:—"While the vaccine discovery was progressive, the joy I felt at the prospect before me of being the instrument destined to take away from the world one of its greatest calamities, blended with the fond hope of enjoying independence and domestic peace and happiness, was often so excessive, that, in pursuing my favorite subject among the meadows, I have sometimes found myself in a kind of reverie. It is pleasant to me to recollect that these reflections always ended in devout acknowledgments to that Being from whom this and all other mercies flow."\*

It was in 1798 that Jenner's discovery was first published. His intention was, that it should have appeared in the *Transactions of the Royal Society*; but the subject was so strange, so novel, and, withal, so improbable, that some of the learned members hinted in a friendly manner that he should be cautious not to diminish, by any other doubtful discovery, the partial fame which his account of the cuckoo had already gained him. Such facts as these impart some idea of the difficulties his discovery was doomed to encounter. On the publication of his "Inquiry," he proceeded to London in person, in order to exhibit to the profession there his process of vaccination, and the success attending it. But—will it be believed?—he remained two months there, and at last returned home without getting any medical man to make trial of it, or any patient to submit

\* Barron.

voluntarily to the simple and harmless process. That process, which in a few years afterwards millions of individuals eagerly availed themselves of, could not be exhibited, even for a bribe, in a single being. It was only after his return home that Mr. Cline, the surgeon, almost clandestinely inserted the matter into a patient, by way of an issue for a diseased joint! Yet it is a wise provision of affairs in this world, that truth will at last and infallibly prevail. The subject of vaccination began to engross public attention; and although many were incredulous, and scoffed at the matter, as is ever the case with what is new and uncommon, yet many, on the other hand, had faith to make trial of it; and finding success attend their experiments, the practice of vaccination extended on all hands. But there never was a discoverer yet who has not in a greater or less degree suffered martyrdom—the ignorant, the envious, the narrow-minded, the purely malicious, forever hang on the footsteps of the discoverer, irritating and obstructing his progress, and raising a clamor in which they hope the sober and subdued voice of truth will be drowned. Poor Jenner passed many harassing days and sleepless nights, less fearful about the wreck of his own honest fame, than for the success of his great and darling project. He had to answer every blunderer, who, in spite of the plainest directions, was sure always to go wrong in the most essential points—every failure of every careless experimenter was laid to his door—he was caricatured as a magician, who by and by would turn the human race into cows; and, baser than all, some of those who at one time scoffed at his theories, and despised his attempts to put them into practice, now endeavored to avert the discovery from Jenner entirely, if not to appropriate it to themselves. Yet time and circumstances, and his own tact and perseverance, seconded by his unyielding confidence in his opinions, brought him many friends and supporters. "The drop of pearl upon a rose-bud," as he poetically described the vaccine vesicle to the great statesman Fox, was such a simple, and easy, and beautiful substitute for the loathsome and dreaded blotches of small-pox, that the public at large, and more particularly the female part of it, became the warm and active propagators of the limpid virus. From Britain the practice extended rapidly to the continent. In America, the early cases were most successful; and at last the remotest countries in the world began to share its benefits, till there was not a corner of the peopled globe where the name of Jenner did not become familiar, and where his life-preserving process was not eagerly adopted. Among the many honors and acknowledgments which now and afterwards continued to be poured in upon him, not the least interesting was a document from a race of the North American Indians, authenticated by the symbolical signatures of their chiefs.

The discovery of vaccination now evidently appeared as a manifest boon to mankind. In several countries on the continent of Europe, where the nature of the government allowed of a free control over the habits of the people, the practice of vaccination was so systematically pursued, that small-pox was almost entirely eradicated. In the British navy and army, under a similar surveillance, small-pox was also unknown; but though in the British dominions several vaccinating boards were instituted, yet from the habits of the people, and the absence of a compulsory law, vaccination



was not there, and never yet has been, so complete and universal as to banish entirely the lurking malady of small-pox from our shores.

Considering, however, what devotion Jenner had bestowed on the subject, both theoretically and practically; considering the generous and disinterested manner in which, the moment that he became acquainted with its perfect efficacy, he hastened to lay his discovery before the world, his claim to a national compensation and reward could no longer be denied. In 1802 a committee of parliament was appointed to investigate his discovery, and decide on a remuneration. Of the many claimants on national bounty, few ever came forward with better pretensions than Jenner. Yet much caution was employed; and, in the first instance, a grant of only £10,000 was voted, subject to the delays and deductions of fees with which such grants are too often encumbered. This, as Jenner and his friends affirmed, was barely equal to the expenses he incurred, considering his multifarious correspondence, as well as his relinquishment of private practice, and the actual toil of responding to the querists from every region of the globe. Yet it is not to be wondered at if parliament had a wary suspicion of the reports of cures of any kind; for who does not hear of wonderful cures accomplished every day, and well-authenticated also, and yet experience, or further inquiry, proves them all ultimately fallacious; nor could it be forgotten that half a century had not elapsed since the same parliament voted its thousands for a nostrum which was utterly worthless. Happily for the fame of the legislature, however, and for the honor of the country in all future times, in the present instance it judged aright: even its caution was commendable: and allowing an interval of five more years, a further grant of £20,000 redeemed their sense of the progressive importance and continued efficacy of the vaccine discovery. In the mean time, Jenner had taken up his residence in London, with a view to the better furtherance of the interests of vaccination, and with an idea of establishing himself in practice in the metropolis. But his was not a character fitted for the artificial bustle of the vast city, or the jarring conflicts of professional interests; his mind sickened amid the smoke, as one of his own meadow cowslips would have done, and he hastened back to his fields and his pure country air, and never left his beloved village again.

But he did not return to apathy or indolence. In London some finessing on the part of his professional brethren prevented him from acting as director of the national vaccine board, to which he had been in the first instance appointed; but now, in his own words, he retired to be "director-general to the world." In addition to this, the country people from all the districts around flocked to him for the benefits of vaccination, and his time and skill were ever at the service of the poor. He now, too, enjoyed his favorite pursuits of the study of nature, and shared his leisure hours among his fossils, his birds, his flowers, and the society of his family and his friends. Of every man who has achieved great things, we have a desire to know something not only of his thoughts and habits, but of his personal appearance. An early sketch of Jenner is thus given by his friend Gardner.

"His height was rather under the middle size; his person was robust but active, and well

formed. In his dress he was peculiarly neat, and everything about him showed the man intent and serious, and well prepared to meet the duties of his calling. When I first saw him, it was on Frampton Green. I was somewhat his junior in years, and had heard so much of Jenner of Berkeley, that I had no small curiosity to see him. He was dressed in a blue coat and yellow buttons, buckskins, well polished jockey boots, with handsome silver spurs, and he carried a smart whip with a silver handle. His hair, after the fashion of the times, was done up in a club, and he wore a broad-brimmed hat. We were introduced on that occasion, and I was delighted and astonished. I was prepared to find an accomplished man, and all the country spoke of him as a skilful surgeon and a great naturalist; but I did not expect to find him so much at home in other matters. I, who had been spending my time in cultivating my judgment by abstract study, and smit from my childhood with the love of song, had sought my amusement in the rosy fields of imagination, was not less surprised than gratified to find that the ancient affinity between Apollo and Æsculapius was so well maintained in his person." At a later period, his biographer, Dr. Barron, then a young man, thus gives an account of a first interview with him. "He was living at Fladong's hotel, Oxford street, in the summer of 1808, making arrangements for the national vaccine establishment. The greatness of his fame, his exalted talents, and the honors heaped upon him by all the most distinguished public bodies of the civilized world, while they made me desirous of offering my tribute of respect to him, forbade the expectation of more than such an acknowledgment as a youth circumstanced as I was might have expected. I soon, however, perceived that I had to do with an individual who did not square his manners by the cold formality of the world. He condescended as to an equal. The restraint and embarrassment that might naturally have been felt in the presence of one so eminent, vanished in an instant. The simple dignity of his aspect, the kind and familiar tone of his language, and the perfect sincerity and good faith manifested in all he said and did, could not fail to win the heart of any one not insensible to such qualities. He was dressed in a blue coat, white waistcoat, and nankeens. All the tables in his apartment were covered with letters and papers on the subject of vaccination. He spoke with great good humor of the conduct of the anti-vaccinists, and gave me some pamphlets illustrative of the controversy then carrying on. The day before I saw him, he had had an interview with the Princess of Wales, and he showed me a watch which her royal highness had presented to him on that occasion." The same friend, at a much later period of their acquaintance, again remarks—"Dr. Jenner's personal appearance to a stranger at first sight was not very striking: but it was impossible to observe him, even for a few moments, without discovering those peculiarities which distinguished him from all others. The first things that a stranger would remark were the gentleness, the simplicity, the artlessness of his manner. There was a total absence of all ostentation or display, so much so, that in the ordinary intercourse of society he appeared as a person who had no claims to notice. He was perfectly unreserved, and free from all guile. He carried his heart and his mind so openly, so undisguisedly, that all might read them. His profes-

sional avocations, and the nature of his pursuits, obliged him to conduct his inquiries in a desultory way. At no period of his life could he give himself up to continued or protracted attention to one object: there was, nevertheless, a steadiness in working out his researches amid all the breaks and interruptions which he met with, that can only belong to minds constituted as his was."

With all the simple and genial qualities of an unsophisticated heart, Jenner had, when the occasion required, all the firmness and dignity becoming a man conscious of the possession of talent. On one occasion, in the drawing-room of St. James', he chanced to overhear a noble lord mention his name, and repeat the idle calumny which had got abroad, that he himself had not really confidence in vaccination. He with much promptitude refuted the charge, and stepping up to the noble lord, to whom he was unknown, calmly observed, "I am Dr. Jenner." Any unpleasant recollection of this circumstance was most likely, on the part of Jenner, soon dissipated; but not so with the noble statesman; his remarks some time afterwards, in his place in parliament, when Jenner's claims came to be discussed, showed that he had not forgotten it.

When the continental sovereigns visited London in 1814, Jenner was presented to the Emperor Alexander of Russia by his sister, the grand duchess of Oldenburg. In describing this interview, he says, "I was very graciously received, and was probably the first man who had ever dared to contradict the autocrat. He said, 'Dr. Jenner, your feelings must be delightful. The consciousness of having so much benefitted your race must be a never failing source of pleasure, and I am happy to think that you have received the thanks, the applause, and the gratitude of the world.' I replied to his majesty that my feelings were such as he described, and that I had received the thanks and the applause, but not the gratitude of the world. His face flushed; he said no more; but my daring seemed to give displeasure. In a short time, however, he forgot it, and gave me a trait of character which showed both great goodness of heart and knowledge of human nature. My inquiries respecting disease of the lungs had reached the ears of the grand duchess, the most interesting being that I had ever met with in a station so elevated. She was present, and requested me to tell to her brother, the emperor, what I had formerly said to her imperial highness. In the course of my remarks I became embarrassed. She observed this, and so did the emperor: 'Dr. Jenner,' said she, 'you do not tell my brother what you have to say so accurately as you told me.' I excused myself by saying that I was not accustomed to speak in such a presence. His majesty grasped me by the hand, and held on for some time, not quitting me till my confidence was restored by this warm-hearted and kind expression of his consideration."

As his life was an active and benevolent, so, on the whole, may it be termed a prosperous and a comparatively happy one. Latterly, he had domestic afflictions, which to a sensitive heart are the heaviest of sorrows. He lost his favorite son, his newly-married daughter, and at last his amiable wife, whose delicate constitution he had tended with all the assiduity which deep affection and respect could dictate. He reached a good old age, with his general health and mental powers unimpaired to the last. On the 26th January, 1823, he

died suddenly of apoplexy, in the 74th year of his age. He lies buried in the chancel of the church at Berkeley, where a monument has been erected to his memory by his professional brethren.

It is now almost half a century since the first introduction of vaccination, and at least forty years since its general adoption—a sufficient time, one would think, to test its efficacy, and yet there are several circumstances relating to it which have not yet been definitely determined. In the first place, it cannot be denied that on the whole it has been a successful remedy, and that it has produced a remarkable effect on the general population. Small-pox, if it has not been entirely eradicated, has been disarmed of most of its terrors; and notwithstanding the cases of failure of protection from its ravages which occasionally occur, yet the general confidence never has been withdrawn from the practice of vaccination.

Both before and since the death of Dr. Jenner, it became known that cases sometimes occurred where persons who had been vaccinated were seized with small-pox. At first, it was supposed that those cases were instances where vaccination had not taken proper effect, either from an imperfect quality of the virus used in vaccination, or from a peculiar habit of the person vaccinated. But it was afterwards ascertained that persons in whom the process had been practised with the utmost care, and in whom the disease appeared to go through its course in the most favorable manner, were yet not protected from small-pox. It is true, in all these cases of seizure the affection was of a much milder kind than even the inoculated small-pox, and in a very small proportion indeed did death occur, perhaps not one case in several thousands; yet there could be no doubt but that the disease was in reality true small-pox, under a mild and modified form.

It became evident, then, that there were exceptions to the universal protection against small-pox, and that this disease might occur after vaccination, just as an individual might be seized with a second attack of small-pox. This was a fact known to Dr. Jenner even before he gave his discovery to the world. In his early pursuit of the inquiry he was much staggered by it, but further experience enabled him to perceive that it was only an exception to a general rule; and all experience since, both in public vaccine institutions and in private practice, has only tended to confirm it.

Seeing, then, that such exceptions from time to time continued to occur, and as they multiplied in number by time and the general diffusion of vaccination, another question began to be agitated—whether the vaccine matter, by passing through innumerable human beings, had not lost its character and consequent efficacy; and whether it would not be necessary again to have recourse to the cow!

The most experienced vaccinators seem to give no countenance to this opinion. They affirm that the character of the vaccine vesicle is exactly the same, and its development, in all its stages, as regular and complete as it was when first discovered; and that, when compared with vesicles produced by matter directly from the cow, there is no difference; that even in the early stages of the employment of vaccination, failures, as already stated, began to appear; and that these failures are probably not more in proportion now than they were then.

A suggestion of another kind has been advanced—that probably the protection of the vaccine matter is only of a temporary nature, and that it becomes exhausted in the course of time, and thus leaves the constitution open to an attack of small-pox. If this had been the case, then in the course of the last forty-five years all those persons vaccinated should have by this time successively had attacks of small-pox when exposed to infection. This, however, has by no means happened; so that the fact cannot be true as a general rule, though, as we shall afterwards state, it may hold in some respects as regards individuals at different periods of life; and thus the propriety of a second vaccination about the age when the individual is entering on the period of manhood has been frequently suggested.

Taking all these exceptions into account, there can be no doubt but that the practice of vaccination, with its partial drawbacks, has been an inestimable boon to mankind. It has been ascertained that every fourteenth child born was cut off by small-pox; and that in most cases where adults were infected, a death occurred out of every seven. If to this we add the other fatal diseases called into action by this malady, the influence on the increase of population by the check it has received from vaccination must be held to be very considerable. We accordingly find that, previous to 1780, the annual mortality in England and Wales was rated at one in forty; whereas at the present time it is one in forty-six. No doubt other causes have combined to improve the general health, but that the preventive power of vaccination has been mainly instrumental, appears, even from the diminished deaths from small-pox, sufficiently evident. Indeed, we have only to call to mind the scarred and pitted faces, marred features, and opaque and sightless eyeballs of former days, to be convinced of the essential service which has been rendered to the community.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### SOPHIA OF WOLFENBUTTEL.\*

CAROLINA CHRISTINA SOPHIA of Wolfenbützel, sister of the wife of the emperor Charles VI., was united in marriage to the Prince Alexis, son and presumptive heir of Peter the Great, czar of Muscovy. In her were mingled the fairest gifts of nature and education: lovely, graceful, with a penetrating and cultivated mind, and a soul tempered and governed by virtue; yet with all these rare gifts, which softened and won every other heart, she was nevertheless an object of aversion to Alexis, the most brutal of mankind. More than once the unfortunate wife was indebted for her life to the use of antidotes to counteract the insidious poisons administered to her by her husband. At length the barbarity of the prince arrived at its climax: by an inhuman blow, he reduced her to so wretched a state, that she was left for dead. He himself fully believed that which he so ardently desired, and tranquilly departed for one of his villas, calmly ordering the funeral rites to be duly celebrated.

But the days of the unfortunate princess were not yet terminated. Under the devoted care of the Countess of Konigsmark, her lady of honor, who had been present at the horrible event, she

slowly regained health and strength, while her fictitious obsequies were magnificently performed and honored throughout Muscovy, and nearly all the European courts assumed mourning for the departed princess. This wise and noble Countess of Konigsmark, renowned as the mother of the brave marshal of Saxony, perceived that, by not seconding the fortunate deceit of the Prince Alexis, and the nation in general, and by proclaiming her recovery, the unhappy Princess Carolina, already the sport of such cruel fate, would expose herself to perish sooner or later by a more certain blow. She therefore persuaded her wretched mistress, who had scarcely strength to undertake the journey, to seek refuge in Paris, under the escort of an old man, a German domestic. Having collected as much money and jewelry as she was able, the princess set out, with her faithful servant, who remained with her in the character of father, which he sustained during his life; and truly he possessed the feelings and tenderness, as well as the semblance, of a parent.

The tumult and noise of Paris, however, rendered it a place of sojourn ill adapted to the mind of Carolina, and to her desire of concealment. Her small establishment having been increased by a single maid-servant, she accordingly embarked for Louisiana, where the French, who were then in possession of this lovely portion of South America, had formed extensive colonies. Scarcely was the young and beautiful stranger arrived at New Orleans, than she attracted the attention of every one. There was in that place a young man, named Moldask, who held an office in the colony; he had travelled much in Russia, and believed that he recognized the fair stranger; but he knew not how to persuade himself that the daughter-in-law of the Czar Peter could in reality be reduced to so lowly a condition, and he dared not betray to any one his suspicions of her identity. He offered his friendship and assistance to her supposed father; and soon his attentive and pleasing manners rendered him so acceptable to both, that a mutual intimacy induced them to join their fortunes, and establish themselves in the same habitation.

It was not long before the news of the death of Alexis reached them through the public journals. Then Moldask could no longer conceal his doubts of the true condition of Carolina, and finding that he was not deceived, he offered with respectful generosity to abandon his pursuits, and to sacrifice his private fortune, that he might reconduct her to Moscow. But the princess, whose bitterest moments had been there passed, preferred, after her adventurous flight, to live far from the dazzling splendor of the court, in tranquillity and honorable obscurity. She thanked the noble-hearted Moldask; but implored him, instead of such splendid offers, to preserve her secret inviolable, so that nothing might trouble her present felicity. He promised, and he kept his promise: his heart ardently desired her happiness, in which his own felicity was involved. Living under the same roof, in daily communion, their equal age and ardent feelings kindled in the young man's soul a livelier flame than mere friendship; but respect controlled it, and he concealed his love in his own bosom.

At length the old domestic, who, in the character of father, had shielded the princess, died, and was followed to the tomb by the sincere grief of his grateful mistress—a just recompense for such

\* This extraordinary, but, we believe, true story, is translated from the *Novelle Morali* of Francesco Soave.



idelity. Propriety forbade that Moldask and Carolina should inhabit together the same dwelling after this event. He loved her truly, but loved her good fame more, and explained to her, not without grief, that it was necessary he should seek another abode, unless she, who had already renounced all thought of pride and rank, were content to assume a name dearer and more sacred still than that of friend. He gave her no reason to doubt that vanity, instead of love, was the origin of this proposal, since the princess herself was firm in her desire to remain happy in private life. With all delicacy he sought to assure her that he could not but remember, in case of a refusal, that it was scarcely undeserved. Nor could he ever forget how much was exacted from him, by the almost regal birth of her to whose hand he thus dared aspire.

Love, and her desolate and defenceless condition, induced the princess willingly to consent; and, in constituting his felicity, she increased her own. Heaven blessed so happy a union; and in due time an infant bound still closer the marriage tie. Thus the Princess Carolina, born of noble blood, destined to enjoy grandeur, homage, even a throne, having abandoned the magnificence of her former state, in private life fulfilled all the duties of nature and of society.

Years passed happily on, until Moldask was attacked with disease, which required the aid of a skilful surgeon. Carolina was unwilling to confide a life so precious and beloved to the care of surgeons of doubtful skill, and therefore resolved to visit Paris. She persuaded her husband to sell all their possessions, and to embark. The winds were propitious to this pilgrimage; and the medical skill of Paris restored Moldask to health. Being now perfectly cured, the husband sought to obtain employment on the island of Bourbon; and was successful.

Meanwhile, the wife was one day walking with her graceful little girl in a public garden, as was her wont. She sat down on a green bank, and conversed with her child in German, when the Marshal of Saxony passing by, was struck with the German accent, and stayed to observe them. She recognized him immediately, and, fearing the same from him, bent her eyes to the ground. Her blushes and confusion convinced the marshal that he was not mistaken; and he cried out, "How, madame! What do I see? Is it possible?" Carolina suffered him not to proceed, but drawing him aside, she declared herself, praying him to keep sacred the needful secret, and to return with her to her dwelling, where she might with greater care and security explain her situation. The marshal was faithful to his promise; visited the princess many times, though with all due precaution, and heard and admired her history. He wished to inform the king of France, that this august lady might be restored to her rightful honors and rank, and that he himself might thus complete the good work begun by his mother the Countess of Konigsmark. But Carolina wished neither to consent, nor openly to oppose his generous design. She asked him to defer this project, until certain plans now pending were accomplished, the termination of which could not be long delayed. Thus she, too happy in being united to a wise and virtuous consort, and contented to live in happy obscurity, kept the marquis at bay.

Near the end of the specified time he again visited her, and learned that, two days previous, she had departed with her husband for the isle of

Bourbon. He quickly informed the king of all, who gave orders, through the governor of the island, that Moldask and his wife should be treated with the greatest consideration. Afterward he treated with the Empress Maria Theresa in what way her august aunt should be restored to the splendor due to her rank. The haughty wife, and mother of the czar, knew how to please the most Christian king, and not less generously sent letters to Carolina, in which she invited her to Vienna, promising to overwhelm her with distinctions. But Carolina, foreseeing that a return to her pristine rank at this regal court would debar her from fulfilling the sweet duties of wife and mother, in which all her felicity consisted, refused this offer courageously, but without haughtiness. "I am so used," she said to the officer who proposed to reconduct her to the court—"I am so used to this domestic and private life, that I will never change it. Neither to be near a throne, nor to receive the greatest homage, nor to enjoy riches, nor even to possess the universe, would give me the shadow of the pleasure and delight I feel at this moment." So saying, she tenderly embraced the one and the other of her dear family.

She lived long with her husband and daughter, serene and contented, dividing her cares and occupations between assisting and amusing the one, and educating the mind and heart of the other. Death snatched from her, within a short interval, these two beloved ones, who had filled her heart with such sweet emotions; and for a long time that heart was a prey to one only sentiment of the deepest grief. Yet not even this sorrow affected her so much, but that she believed the unhappiness of grandeur to be still greater. She constantly refused the repeated invitations to Vienna; and accepting only a small pension from the liberality of the empress, she retired to Vitry, near Paris, where she wished still to pass under the name of Madame Moldask; but it was impossible longer to conceal her high birth and illustrious ancestry. Notwithstanding this, she never abandoned her accustomed simplicity and retirement of life, in which alone she had begun to find, and found to the last, true felicity.

#### PEEL'S PATHETIC APPEAL TO DANIEL O'CONNELL.

I GIVE thee, Daniel, all I can,  
Though poor the offering be,  
The Maynooth Grant is all, my Dan,  
That I can yield to thee:  
I might give up the Irish Church,  
But if I did, what then?  
My friends would leave me in the lurch,  
I mean, my party men.  
Perhaps 't is just, perhaps 't is fit  
That I should more concede;  
But then the House won't suffer it  
They won't, they won't indeed.  
Believe me, I my conscience pinch  
Much more than words can tell,  
To grant thee thus a single inch;  
And thou wouldst take an ell!  
Oh! do be quiet, Daniel, pray,  
Be moderate, I implore;  
Take what I cede; another day  
I may allow thee more:  
Keep Ireland out of water hot,  
I beg thee, on my knees,  
And I won't say that she shall not  
Have justice—by degrees. *Punch.*

From Chambers' Journal.

## HISTORY OF THE FIREPLACE.

DURING the last few years, public attention has been laudably directed to the defective means which still exist for warming and ventilating houses. Although we have arrived at a high state of civilization in some respects, yet the method still in use for producing an artificial climate in modern habitations, is perhaps more primitive and defective than any of our domestic contrivances. We burn coal in a vessel or stove which is no whit better in principle than the ancient fire-basket. Whilst the chimney-wall in each room is often heated like an oven, those opposite and at the sides are but a few degrees above the temperature of the atmosphere. In this respect the ancients evinced much greater ingenuity than we do; and many of the so-called inventions of modern date were, it appears, in general use hundreds and thousands of years ago. By the research of a recent author, many curious and interesting facts concerning warming and ventilation have been brought to light;\* and as in this country all ideas of comfort and sociality are centred around the hearth, we doubt not that a historical sketch of the "fireplace," chiefly drawn from the above source, will prove interesting.

The history of the fireside may be said to commence in the dark ages; for it reaches back to a time when man was unacquainted with the existence of fire. The early records of nearly all nations refer to a time when that element was unknown. Indeed, instances of such ignorance have been met with in comparatively modern times. When Magellan visited the Marian Islands in 1521, the natives believed themselves to be the only people in the world. They were without everything which we regard as necessities, and in total ignorance of fire. Several of their huts being consumed, they at first considered the flame to be a kind of animal that attached itself to the wood, and fed upon it. Some who approached too near, being scorched, communicated their terror to the rest, who durst only look upon it at a distance. They were afraid, they said, that the terrible animal would bite them, or wound them with its violent breathing. They speedily learned to use fire with as much address as Europeans. Few historical facts, therefore, are less doubtful than that man was once without means of artificial heat. A Phœnician tradition attributed its discovery to a hunter observing a conflagration that had been excited in a forest by the attrition of some trees during a storm. Another tradition varies the account; in the winter season, Vulcan the king, coming to a tree on the mountains that had been fired by a thunderbolt, was cheered by its heat; and adding more wood to preserve it, he invited his companions to share in his pleasure, and thereupon claimed to be the inventor of flame. Fire once discovered, the primeval savages, though at first alarmed, gradually felt its blessed influence; and it is thus that tradition gives us an account of the earliest fireside; for around the embers of the burning trees men first learned to herd; "and as the intercourse continued under the bond of the common enjoyment, the incoherent sounds by which they expressed their emotions were by degrees roughly cast into the elements of speech;

thus the discovery of fire gave rise to the first social meeting of mankind, to the formation of language, to their ultimate union, and to all the wonders of subsequent civilization."† The Chinese historians attribute the earliest power of producing fire at will, by the friction of two pieces of dried wood, to Souigine, one of their first kings. This power once known, the nomadic races in all countries ever availed themselves of it; though a fire made of dried wood or grass in the open air, or in a rude tent, was their sole provision against cold for many ages.

Increased intelligence induced mankind to seek for greater warmth under substantial cover, and the first houses they took to were ready built, being chiefly caves. In the middle of these they made fires, in spite of the smoke, for which there was no other outlet than the hole by which the inhabitants came in and out. The same rude method was continued even when men learnt to build houses, and to congregate in cities; only they made a hole in the roof to let the smoke out, exactly like the Laplanders and some of the Irish at the present day.

The parents of western civilization, the Egyptians, although they built themselves excellent houses, and were scrupulously nice in their domestic arrangements, either made their fires (for it is cold enough even in that warm climate to need them occasionally) on a central hearth, or used pans of live charcoal to carry about from one room to another. To them is ascribed the invention of bellows to concentrate the energy of fire. The reader will see in the second volume of Wilkinson's *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*, copies of that instrument taken from paintings on tombs, at least three thousand years old. During the exode and wanderings of the Jews, their fireplaces were precisely like those both of the primitive races and of the modern Arabs—small bonfires in conical tents, with a hole in the apex of the cone to let out the smoke; but after their establishment in Canaan, their houses, it has been inferred, resembled those of the Egyptians, "wide, thorough aired with windows, and large chambers ceiled with cedar, and painted with vermilion;"‡ and, judging from the terms they had to mark the position, size, and manner of closing the apertures, they must have paid great attention to domestic accommodation. The winter in Palestine being cold and long, and wood abundant, particular apartments were appropriated to the season when fires were wanted, to avoid the nuisance of smoke pervading the house, and soiling its furniture and ornaments. About the latter end of November, King Jehoiakim was sitting in his "winter house," when he threw the roll of Baruch "into the fire that was burning on the hearth before him." The prophet Amos alluded to the same custom, when he declared that the "winter house, with the summer house," would be destroyed. From the hearths and braziers in these brumal apartments, the smoke was emitted at a hole in the roof, or by the *arubbah*; for, notwithstanding what some rabbis have written about the Jews being so scrupulous to preserve the purity of the Holy City, that they would not permit the erection of a chimney in Jerusalem, they were, perhaps, as ignorant as the Egyptians of that contrivance. The great improvement that

\* On the History and Art of Warming and Ventilating Rooms and Buildings, &c. By Walter Bernan, Civil Engineer. 2 vols. Bell: London.

\* Vitruvius, b. ii., c. 1.

† Jerem. xxii. 14.

chimneys would have made on Mount Sion itself, is graphically described by Baruch, when he notices "the faces that were blacked by the smoke that cometh out of the temple."

The method of using fuel among the Greeks was the same as among the Hebrews, but perhaps without their care for ventilation. Homer describes his princes undressing themselves in the palace, to kill with their own hands the sheep, oxen, and swine they were to eat at dinner; roasting the entrails, and during the entertainment handing them to each other as delicacies. The repast being finished, he shows them sitting for their pleasure on the piled skins of the animals they had slain and devoured, and playing at games of chance, and one of them taking a pastern bone out of a basket in which it was lying, and throwing it at the head of a beggar, but on missing its aim, making a grease spot where it fell on the opposite wall. From this picture of the grossness of ancient manners, it may be concluded that when the poet says, Penelope's maids threw the glowing embers out of the braziers upon the floor, and heaped fresh wood upon them, he did not mean to depict his immortal barbarians burning odoriferous fuel on purpose to sweeten what must have been a vitiated atmosphere. The fire that was quickly to blaze on the hearth, had to diffuse the comforts of light as well as warmth; and the fragrant logs were known to abound with the resinous material of illumination. In the heroic age, they had oil and tallow in abundance, but were ignorant of the method of burning them in lamps; and the only use they appear to have made of wax, was to put it in the ear to shut out sound. Burning fuel was carried into the apartment where light was required, and sometimes placed on altars for the same purpose; and long thin pieces of lighted wood were carried in the hand when they moved from one place to another in the night.

Coal, it has been thought, was known to the Greek naturalists. Theophrastus speaks of fossil substances found in Liguria, and in Elis, in the way to Olympia, and used by smiths, that when broken for use are earthy, and that kindled and burned like wood-coal. The general fuel was green wood; and where that was unattainable, other vegetable and even excrementitious substances were used on the hearth for combustibles. On days of ceremony, it was also customary to burn fragrant substances. When Alexander the Great was at an entertainment, given in the winter by one of his friends, "a brazier was brought into the apartment to warm it. The day being cold, and the king observing the small quantity of fuel that had been provided, jeeringly desired his host," says Plutarch, "to bring more wood or incense." The supply of the precious firing appeared to the king too scanty for producing the required warmth; and if it arose from his host being niggardly of the costly fuel, he hinted that some even of the common sort would be acceptable.

The Romans made vast strides of improvement in fireplaces, although they were quite unable to rid themselves of the smoke nuisance. Vitruvius, in his work on architecture, directs that the walls of rooms "in which fires or many lights are burned, should be finished above the *podium* with polished panels of a black color, having red or yellow margins round them; and he advises that delicate ornaments should not be introduced into the cornices, because they are spoiled, not only by

the smoke of the house, but also by that from the neighboring buildings." The principal fireplace in a Roman house of the best kind was built in the bath, chiefly to heat the *caldarium* or sweating-room of a bath. It was a sort of furnace, and called a *hypocaust*, and served also to heat the walls of the whole habitation; quite upon the principle of the hot-air system which has recently been introduced as a modern invention. "The hypocaust being constructed in the under story of a building in the manner described by Vitruvius, several pipes of baked clay were then built into the walls, having their lower ends left open to the hypocaust. These pipes were carried to the height of the first or second story, and had their upper orifices made to open into the chamber that was to be heated. They were closed by movable covers. While green wood was burning in the furnace, and the hypocaust filled with its acrid smoke, the covers were not removed from the caliducts; but as soon as the wood was charred, the upper orifices of the pipes were opened, and the hot vapor from the hypocaust then flowed into the chamber." It is singular, that although these hot-air ducts would have answered to carry off smoke, the Romans never hit upon the expedient of applying them to that purpose.

The excavations of Pompeii have revealed to us the family hearths of the Romans, such as were used in rooms not sufficiently heated by the hypocaust. The general method of procuring a warm in-door climate, was by burning charcoal in a brazier on the pavement in the middle of the room, and allowing the vapor to exude at the door and window. These braziers and tripods, formed of all sizes, in iron and bronze, occasionally displayed great elegance of design and neatness of workmanship, and sometimes were contrived to heat water. One of this description, in the museum at Naples, is twenty-eight inches square, and has four towers, one at each angle, fitted with a lid that can be raised by a ring. The fire-hearth is placed in the square part in the middle, which is lined with iron, as in the common braziers. The fluid to be heated was contained in the towers. Another use of these cup-like towers reminds us once more that there is nothing new under the sun. When Dr. Arnot's stove was introduced, it was found to have an injuriously drying effect upon the air, consequently a vase of water was added, to supply the necessary humidity by evaporation. Now, what says Mr. Bernan on the use of these *foculari*? "The cold dry air of an Italian winter and spring was desiccated to a high degree after being expanded by the heat of a hypocaust, or a fire of charcoal; and these braziers appear a very elegant method of diffusing that quantity of moisture in the air of an apartment that was necessary to make it agreeable and salubrious. Perhaps the evaporation was partially regulated by shutting or opening the lids of the water vessels."

When the Romans landed in Britain, they found our savage forefathers living either in detached wigwams of wicker-work, in huts of loose stones without chimney or window, or in excavated caves, like the Germans, surrounded by their winter provisions, and stifled with smoke. The following fireside picture is drawn from the Welsh historian Gyraldus:—"Families inhabit a large hut or house, which, having a fire in the midst, serves to warm them by day and to sleep round by night; and he describes the bands of young men who fol-



lowed no profession but arms, visiting families to whom they were always welcome, and passing the day with the most animated cheerfulness. At length, sunk into repose on a thin covering of dried reeds, spread round the great fire placed in the middle, they lay down promiscuously, covered only by a coarse-made cloth called *brychan*, and kept one another warm by lying close together; and when one side lost its genial heat, they turned about, and gave the chilly side to the fire. The great men endeavored to improve on this custom during the day. A Welsh prince had an officer in his court called a foot-bearer, whose duty it was, at meal-times, when his master was seated at table, to sit with his back to the fire, and keep the princely feet warm and comfortable by cherishing them in his bosom." In the later feudal times, the spacious lofty hall, left open to the roof, had its windows placed high from the floor, and filled with oiled linen or louver boards, or occasionally with painted glass. The floor of stone or earth had a part at one end raised a little above the general level, and laid with planks. On this platform or dais stood a massive table, and ponderous benches or forms, and a high-backed seat for the master under a canopy. On the hearth, in the middle of the hall, were placed the andirons for supporting the ends of the brands, that were arranged by means of a heavy two-pronged fork, the type and predecessor of the modern poker. On the roof over the hearth was a turret or louver, filled with boards arranged so as to exclude rain and wind, and permit the escape of smoke; and this was sometimes an object of considerable architectural beauty in the external aspect of the building. In this gaunt and aguish apartment, heated by a single fire, the company were in a position not much different from what they would be in the open air: not a particle of heated air could add to their comfort, for as fast as produced, it escaped through the louver: light was the only solace the greater number could derive from the blazing fuel; and the few who were in a situation to feel the radiant heat, were incommoded by the current of cold air sweeping like a hurricane along the floor towards the fire. From the height of the louver, and low temperature of the smoke, few of the buoyant flakes of charcoal found their way into the atmosphere; and the larger the bonfire the thicker was the layer of soot deposited on each individual. Boisterous weather also brought its annoyance. Had the fire been made in an open field, they might have moved to the windward of the smoke, but in the hall, where could they flee to from its miseries? The country houses of inferior landholders and farmers were generally one story high. If they were built with two stories, the roof was so deep as to reach to the ceiling of the lower room. The hall and kitchen forming one apartment, and roughly plastered, was open to the timbers of the roof, and sometimes had a louver, and a window that could be closed with a shutter:

"Barre we the gates,  
Cheke we and cheyne we and eche chinc stoppe,  
That no light leopen yn at lover ne at loupe."<sup>\*</sup>

When these houses had a room to sleep in, old and young reposed in the same apartment, and several in one bed; servants made their beds on the floor in the kitchen.

<sup>\*</sup> Ritson. Metrical Romances.

Cottages had neither louver nor loupe, and their inmates lay round the fire. Longlande describes one of a vagrant group:—

"Suten at even by the hote coles,  
Unlouk his legges abrod other lygge at hus ese,  
Rest hym and roste hym and his ryg turn,  
Drynke drue and deepe, and draw hym than to bedde."

In lodging-houses, the same packing system was followed, and when a person had a bed to himself, it was a mark of distinction, and recorded accordingly. In the magnificent strongholds, built near the time of the conquest, a central hearth is seldom found. Having several stories in height, and their roofs being used as a terrace for defence, an exit in the common form for the smoke, even from the uppermost chambers, would have been impracticable. A huge recess, therefore, was built at one side of the hall, and on its hearth fuel was burnt, the smoke finding egress by a contrivance which may be regarded as a chimney in its infancy. Over the hearth was a sort of huge funnel, or hole in the wall, which sloped up through its thickness, till it reached daylight in the outer side of the wall.

Wood, turf, and furze were almost the only fuel. The first legal mention of coal was made in 1239, when Henry III. granted a charter to the inhabitants of Newcastle to dig for it; but so great was the prejudice against it, from an erroneous notion that it was injurious to the health, that it was not in general use till the seventeenth century. Meanwhile, the funnel-like smoke-duct of the feudal castle became gradually improved into a chimney. Leland says in his Itinerary, speaking of Bolton Castle, "One thyng I muche notyd in the hawle of Bolton, how chimeneys were conveyed by tunnells made on the sydes of the walls betwyxt the lights in the hawle, and by this means, and by no covers, is the smoke of the harthe in the hawle wonder *strangelly* conveyed."<sup>\*</sup>

Chimneys were afterwards generally adopted. To old buildings they were added, whilst new ones were never constructed without what a wordy author calls "the elegant and commodious tube now known by the name of a chimney." By its help the fireside was greatly improved.

The following description applies to the firesides of the end of Henry VIII.'s reign, by which time chimneys or flues had become universal:—"The windows had curtains, and were glazed in the manner described by Erasmus; but in inferior dwellings, such as those of copyholders and the like, the light-holes were filled with linen, or with a shutter. The hearth-recess was generally wide, high, and deep, and had a large flue. The hearth, usually raised a few inches above the floor, had sometimes a halpas or dais made before it, as in the king's and queen's chambers in the Tower. Before the hearth-recess, or on the halpas, when there was one, a piece of green cloth or tapestry was spread, as a substitute for the rushes that covered the lower part of the floor. On this were placed a very high-backed chair or

<sup>\*</sup> Though many authors antecedent to Leland use the term "chimney," yet they mean by that word simply "fireplace," or "hearth-recess;" and the verbal equivalent to the word in the Reformer's Testament is "furnace." Leland himself, in using the word, almost defines it by saying, "that the chimneys were conveyed by tunnells;" or, in other words, the fireplace was continued by a tunnel to the top of the building.

two, and footstools, that sometimes had cushions, and, above all, high-backed forms and screens—both most admirable inventions for neutralizing draughts of cold air in these dank and chilling apartments. Andirons, fire-forks, fire-pans, and tongs, were the implements to supply and arrange the fuel. Hearth-recesses with flues were common in the principal chambers of houses of persons of condition; and were superseding what Aubrey calls flues, like louver holes, in the habitations of all classes. The adage, that 'one good fire heats the whole house,' was found true only in the humbler dwellings; for in palace and mansion, though great fires blazed in the presence chamber, or hall, or parlor, the domestics were literally famishing with cold. This discomfort did not, however, proceed from selfish or stingy housekeeping, but rather from an affectation of hardihood, particularly among the lower classes, when effeminacy was reckoned a reproach. Besides, few could know what comfort really was; but those who did, valued it highly. Sanders relates that Henry VIII. gave the revenues of a convent, which he had confiscated, to a person who placed a chair for him commodiously before the fire, and out of all draughts."

This description of an English fireside is accurate, even applied to a much later period—to indeed all the intervening space between the time of Queen Mary and that of William, Prince of Orange; for it was not till the latter reign that coal became the staple fuel. The prejudice against it, which we have before adverted to, was as strong as it was unaccountable. As an instance of it, we may mention, in passing, that when first introduced, the Commons petitioned the crown in 1306 to prohibit burning the "noxious" fuel. A "royal proclamation having failed to abate the growing nuisance, a commission was issued to ascertain who burned sea-coal within the city and in its neighborhood, and to punish them by fine for the first offence, and by demolition of their furnaces if they persisted in transgression; and more vigorous measures had to be resorted to. A law was passed making it a capital offence to burn sea-coal within the city of London, and only permitting it to be used in forges in the neighborhood. Among the records in the Tower, Mr. Astle found a document, importing that in the time of Edward I., a man had been tried, convicted, and executed, for the crime of burning sea-coal in London." It took, then, three centuries to efface this prejudice; but when once coal was adopted, the whole aspect of the fireside was changed. For the capacious hearth, was substituted the narrower, less social, though compact and tidy one now in use. Chimney-pieces were introduced, at first elaborately carved in wood, and afterwards of marble. The fire—held in a grate or stove—was smaller and more concentrated to one part of the room. Despite the hosts of inventions which have for more than a century been in use to improve the grate, it still remains in principle and general utility the same as it did from the first day coal was generally burned. And despite the patents of Polignac, Bernhard, Evelyn, Rumford, for open grates, and those of Arnott and others for closed ones, our family circles still draw around a fireplace differing in no very essential particular from that which warmed our grandfathers and grandmothers. So little good have all modern contrivances really effected, that we of the present hour suffer the same inconveniences as the occupants of the Welsh fire-

side in the dark ages: when we remain near the fire, the part of our bodies nearest to it is liable to be roasted, whilst our back feels freezing, so that we are obliged, when "one side has lost its genial heat, to turn about and give the chilly side to the fire." No invention has as yet enabled us to preserve a uniform and genial artificial climate in every part of our dwellings—an art in which even the Romans excelled us. Yet this is the age of ingenuity and luxury.

LITERATURE GOING TO THE WALL.—The following advertisement seems to open a new field to men of letters:—

INTELLECTUAL PAPER-HANGINGS, in which the writings of various authors are inserted in ornamental patterns, &c., &c.

There are many authors who will no doubt be very happy to treat with the trustees of public buildings, and we shall ourselves have much pleasure in supplying the walls of Westminster Hall, at per yard, according to quality. We have fitted up a few panes in our office-window with specimens, and a sheet of jocular paper-hanging may be seen in daily operation at 92 Fleet street.

We should say that various authors should be selected to do the mural literature for various apartments. George Jones, who must by this time be sadly in want of a job, would be invaluable as a writer for sleeping-rooms; and Jenkins, if he is to be found, could undertake to cover the walls of the servants' hall with *belles-lettres* of the most appropriate character. The industrious author of "Jack Sheppard" might do the whole of the paper-hanging for Newgate; and some of our dramatists could furnish the walls of the condemned cell with productions of a genial nature. We are happy to see the paper-hangers coming forward in aid of the literature of the country, which has had no such friends since the old original trunk-maker, whose services to the cause of letters are recognized by Sir Gilbert Norman in Mr. Jerrold's new comedy. Of the two, we prefer the celebrity of the walls to the semi-immortality of the portmanteau; for though the latter may last longest, the former is calculated to bestow a larger popularity. The literature of the trunk seldom meets the eye of any but the owner and the custom-house; while the author who

"Paints a panel or adorns a wall,"

is sure of his productions coming under the observation, at least, of all classes.—*Punch*.

It is but three or four weeks since that we gave an account of the extraordinary age of Mr. and Mrs. Plaisance, then living in Redmoor Fen, in the Isle of Ely, the husband of the age of 107, the wife 105!—a case without parallel perhaps in England or in the world. On Wednesday, strange to relate, after a short affliction, both expired on the same day; their united ages 212. The greater part of their lives were passed when agues were so prevalent in the Fens that very few escaped the disorder, yet their lives were prolonged to this extraordinary period; and Providence seems to have ordained that as they had lived so long together, in death they were not divided. They have left one daughter, who lived with them, of the age of 84.—*Bury Post*.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON,  
AGED THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS.

Thou happy, happy elf!  
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)  
Thou tiny image of myself!  
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear)  
Thou merry, laughing sprite!  
With spirits feather light,  
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,  
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)  
Thou little tricky Puck!  
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,  
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,  
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)  
Thou darling of thy sire!  
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)  
Thou imp of mirth and joy!  
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,  
Thou idol of thy parents (Drat the boy!)  
There goes my ink!)  
Thou cherub—but of earth;  
Fit playfellow for Fays by moonlight pale,  
In harmless sport and mirth,  
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)  
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey  
From every blossom in the world that blows,  
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,  
(Another tumble—that's his precious nose!)  
Thy father's pride and hope!  
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping rope!)  
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's  
mint,  
(Where did he learn that squint!)  
Thou young domestic dove!  
(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)  
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!  
(Are those torn clothes his best!)  
Little epitome of man!  
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)  
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,  
(He's got a knife!)  
Thou enviable being!  
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,  
Play on, play on,  
My elfin John!  
Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,  
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)  
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,  
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk  
With many a lamblike frisk,  
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown,)  
Thou pretty opening rose!  
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)  
Balmy, and breathing music like the south,  
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)  
Fresh as the morn and brilliant as its star,  
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)  
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,  
(I'll tell you what, my love,  
I cannot write unless he's sent above!)

T. Hood.

We are saddened at the tidings of Mr. Hood's death. The following circular was about to be issued:—

"This distinguished writer—who has for upwards of twenty years entertained the public with a constant succession of comic and humorous works, in the whole range of which not a single

line of immoral tendency, or calculated to pain an individual, can be pointed out; whose poems and serious writings rank among the noblest modern contributions to our national literature; and whose pen was ever the ready and efficient advocate of the unfortunate and the oppressed (as recently, for instance, in the admirable 'Song of the Shirt,' which gave so remarkable an impulse to the movement on behalf of the distressed needlewomen)—has left, by his death, a widow and two children in straightened and precarious circumstances, with no other means of subsistence than a small pension, terminable on the failure of the widow's life, barely sufficient to supply a family of three with common necessities, and totally inadequate for the education and advancement of the orphan children. Even this scanty resource has been, of necessity, forestalled to a considerable extent during the last five months, in order to meet the heavy sick-room and funeral expenses. Under these circumstances a few noblemen and gentlemen, admirers of Thomas Hood's genius and humanity, have formed a committee for the purpose of raising a sum by subscription, to be held in trust for the benefit of the family during the widow's life, and at her death to be divided between the children, whom that event will leave destitute. Publicity is given to this design, in order that Thomas Hood's admirers throughout the country may have an opportunity of publicly testifying their recognition of his genius, and their sense of his personal worth." We heartily hope the design may prosper. Lords Northampton and Francis Egerton, and Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, are on the list of committee; and some handsome donations have already been made.

Will not some of the "merchant-princes" of Boston head an American movement to show gratitude and respect to an eminent FRIEND OF MAN?

A NEW article of import has been introduced by the Trent steamer, from the West Indies, in new potatoes; which have been successfully cultivated in the Bermudas, for the early supply of the English market, grown from the best seeds. The climate and soil is well suited for their growth, and about a ton has been brought over as a sample by the above steamer. In boiling, they are said to be even of superior quality to those of home produce, being less watery. The same vessel has also brought over a quantity of pine-apples, preserved in their juice in bottles, which are likely to be a very valuable addition to the kitchen.—*Morning Post*.

A LUSUS NATURÆ.—The Court Newsman tells us that the queen and Prince Albert postponed their visit to Claremont on account of the royal children having been "unexpectedly attacked by the whooping-cough." The Court Newsman being a perfect courtier, has, of course, no right to expect that anything so common as the whooping-cough should approach the royal infants. Our contemporary appears to be utterly taken aback at the idea of the vulgar whooping-cough having made its appearance in the nursery at Buckingham palace. How it got there is a marvel to the Court Newsman, who uses the word "unexpectedly" to mark his sense of the impertinent intrusion which the malady has been guilty of.—*Punch*.



MRS. CAUDLE HAS BEEN TO SEE HER DEAR MOTHER. CAUDLE, ON THE "JOYFUL OCCASION," HAS GIVEN A PARTY, AND ISSUED THE CARD OF INVITATION.

It is hard, I think, Mr. Caudle, that I can't leave home for a day or two, but the house must be turned into a tavern: a tavern!—a pothouse! Yes, I thought you were very anxious that I should go; I thought you wanted to get rid of me for something, or you would not have insisted on my staying at dear mother's all night. You were afraid I should get cold coming home, were you? Oh yes, you can be very tender, you can, Mr. Caudle, when it suits your own purpose. Yes, and the world thinks what a good husband you are! I only wish the world knew you as well as I do, that's all; but it shall, some day, I'm determined.

"I'm sure the house will not be sweet for a month. All the curtains are poisoned with smoke; and, what's more, with the filthiest smoke I ever knew. *Take 'em down then?* Yes, it's all very well for you to say, take 'em down; but they were only cleaned and put up a month ago; but a careful wife's lost upon you, Mr. Caudle. You ought to have married somebody who'd have let your house go to wreck and ruin, as I will for the future. People who don't care for their families are better thought of than those who do; I've long found out that.

"And what a condition the carpet's in! They've taken five pounds out of it, if a farthing, with their filthy boots, and I don't know what besides. And then the smoke in the hearth-rug, and a large cinder-hole burnt in it! I never saw such a house in my life! If you wanted to have a few friends, why could n't you invite 'em when your wife's at home, like any other man? not have 'em sneaking in, like a set of housebreakers, directly a woman turns her back. They must be pretty gentlemen, they must; mean fellows that are afraid to face a woman! Ha! and you all call yourselves the lords of the creation! I should only like to see what would become of the creation, if you were left to yourselves! A pretty pickle creation would be in very soon!

"You must all have been in a nice condition! What do you say? *You took nothing?* Took nothing, did n't you? I'm sure there's such a regiment of empty bottles, I havn't had a heart to count 'em. And punch, too! you must have punch! There's a hundred half-lemons in the kitchen, if there's one: for Susan, like a good girl, kept 'em to show 'em me. No, sir; Susan *shan't leave the house!* What do you say? *She has no right to tell tales, and you will be master in your own house?* Will you? If you don't alter, Mr. Caudle, you'll soon have no house to be master of. A whole loaf of sugar did I leave in the cupboard, and now there is n't as much as would fill a tea-cup. Do you suppose I'm to find sugar for punch for fifty men? What do you say? *There was n't fifty?* That's no matter; the more shame for 'em, sir. I'm sure they drank enough for fifty. Do you suppose I'm to find sugar for punch for all the world out of my house-keeping money? *You don't ask me?* Don't you ask me? You do; you know you do: for if I only want a shilling extra, the house is in a blaze. And yet a whole loaf of sugar can you throw away upon—No, I *won't* be still; and I *won't* let you go to sleep. If you'd got to bed at a proper hour last night, you would n't have been so sleepy now.

You can sit up half the night with a pack of people who don't care for you, and your poor wife can't get in a word!

"And there's that China image that I had when I was married—I would n't have taken any sum of money for it, and you know it—and how do I find it? With its precious head knocked off! And what was more mean, more contemptible than all besides, it was put on again, as if nothing had happened. *You knew nothing about it?* Now, how can you lie there, in your Christian bed, Caudle, and say that? You know that that fellow, Prettyman, knocked off the head with the poker! You know that he did. And you had n't the feeling—yes, I will say it—you had n't the feeling to protect what you knew was precious to me. Oh no, if the truth was known, you were very glad to see it broken for that very reason.

"Every way, I've been insulted. I should like to know who it was who corked whiskers on my dear aunt's picture! Oh! you're laughing, are you? *You're not laughing?* Don't tell me that. I should like to know what shakes the bed, then, if you're not laughing? Yes, corked whiskers on her dear face—and she was a good soul to you, Caudle, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to see her ill-used. Oh, you may laugh! It's very easy to laugh! I only wish you'd a little feeling, like other people, that's all.

"Then there's my china mug—the mug I had before I was married—when I was a happy creature. I should like to know who knocked the spout off that mug? Don't tell me it was cracked before—it's no such thing, Caudle; there was n't a flaw in it—and now I could have cried when I saw it. Don't tell me it was n't worth twopence. How do you know? You never buy mugs. But that's like men; they think nothing in a house costs anything.

"There's four glasses broke, and nine cracked. At least, that's all I've found out at present; but I dare say I shall discover a dozen to-morrow.

"And I should like to know where the cotton umbrella's gone to—and I should like to know who broke the bell-pull—and perhaps you don't know there's a leg off a chair—and perhaps—"

"Here," says Caudle, "Morpheus came to my aid, and I slept; nay, I think I snored."—*Punch.*

From the Examiner.

#### THE PORTENDICK BLOCKADE.

THIS is one of the many questions in foreign policy of the true merits of which the public are not in the least aware, and yet on several occasions within the last few years, when the subject has been brought before parliament, noble lords and honorable members have expressed themselves in terms of strong indignation against the supposed violence and injustice of France, and of sympathy with the *unfortunate sufferers* in the city, who have assumed the character of victims of French audacity and oppression. We entertained long ago a strong suspicion that the claims put forward in this matter by the merchants to the extent of 75,000*l.*, were enormously exaggerated, and the result has fully justified that suspicion, for, according to the award of the king of Prussia, the entire indemnity allotted to the claimants has been fixed at about 1,700*l.*

We take for granted, that when the British

government submitted this matter to the arbitration of the King of Prussia, the whole of the claims were fairly laid before his majesty, and that no material feature in the case was withheld from his notice. This being so, the award appears to us a cutting reflection upon the absurd pretensions of these merchants, which have been so largely curtailed by the Prussian award. It is, however, a gratifying circumstance, that the case has been so disposed of as to prevent the rupture (at one time seriously threatened) of our pacific relations with France, and also to preclude the possibility of any just demand being made upon parliament by parties whose claims have already been thoroughly sifted and adjusted at Berlin.

There has, however been a dispute between the *Times* and *Chronicle* upon the question whether the agreement between England and France, referring the matter to Prussia, was defective by excluding from the consideration of the arbitrator the question of the legality of the blockade. The *Chronicle* maintains that the claims were referred to Prussia with the reservation that those claims, which turned upon the legality of the blockade, being the greater part of the whole, should not be adjudicated upon;—*ergo*, they have not been determined—M. Guizot has juggled Lord Aberdeen—the victims must be indemnified by the nation—and John Bull must pay the piper. We agree with the *Times* in pronouncing the existence of such a juggle to be wholly incredible. The fact appears to have been simply this—all the claims, and all circumstances and questions connected therewith, were referred to the royal arbitrator, and among those circumstances the validity of the blockade was one which was forced upon him to consider and determine. But the agreement of reference contained a clause stipulating that the general belligerent right to blockade the Bay of Portendick in time of war—claimed by France and disputed by England—should not be affected by the award;—that is, that the award should not be a precedent, whichever way it might decide. Nothing, then, can be clearer than that the Prussian award has disposed of the question of the blockade, in so far as it affected the claims of these merchants, but that the general international question between England and France, of the right of the latter to blockade Portendick in time of war, remains exactly where it did before the arbitration.

So far as we can make out the merits of this latter question, (which has been fully stated by the *Times'* correspondent *Mercator*.) we are clearly of opinion that France possesses, and always did possess, the right to blockade any part of the coast of Africa in the occupation, either permanent or temporary, of her enemies with whom she is at war. The King of the French was at war with the king of the Trarzas (for the Trarzas are a nation having a monarchical government,) and in order to cut off the supplies of the Trarzas through Portendick, the French blockaded the coast within certain limits. Upon what grounds a British minister disputed so legitimate a proceeding we are at a loss to discover. Certainly there are many cases in which a British squadron has established and maintained blockades, both in Africa and other parts of the world, under circumstances not more justifiable. There was, indeed, a clause in an old treaty, which concedes to the English the right of carrying on the gum trade between Portendick and the River St. John, but that right became, of course, suspended when the French

were *bona fide* at war, and found it necessary to establish a blockade for belligerent purposes.

We rather think, then, that the king of Prussia's award in this dispute will teach our government some useful lessons, and among them that of using more caution and circumspection before espousing these alleged mercantile grievances, and attempting to force them for compensation upon foreign powers. So far from our having sustained any considerable injury from the French, the truth is that France has no small reason to complain of us, for having presented her with a demand to the amount of 75,000*l.*, when, in fairness, we were only entitled to 1,700*l.* Our executive, of course, owes deference to the opinion of parliament; but we trust parliament will never be deficient in the respect due to the rules of international law, nor will ever be so far misled by the clamor of interested parties as to sacrifice to it one jot of strict justice, or one opportunity for the conservation of peace.

#### ARBITERS IN DISPUTES BETWEEN NATIONS.

PROJECTS for the establishment of a great European Council to exercise jurisdiction in national controversies, and thus prevent wars, are as old as the age of Henri Quatre. The increased frequency in modern times of the practice of referring disputes between two governments to the decision of a third independent government has been hailed by philanthropists as preparing the minds of men for the establishment of such a council. When arbitration, it has been said, becomes the rule and war the exception—when a number of arbitral decisions sufficiently large to form a body of precedents has accumulated—a fixed code of international law may be said to have been formed, and governments will hesitate less to recognize a court authorized to apply its rules to special cases than they do at present when all is vague and unsettled.

The experience of England, however, has not hitherto been of a kind to inspire us with confidence in the judgments of arbiters. Take for example the recent decision of the King of Prussia in the Portendick controversy between this country and France. The only question between the two countries was, whether in inflicting injury upon British traders France was acting on its right. Respecting the amount of injury received there has been ultimately no dispute. France maintained that the injury complained of was unavoidably inflicted in the process of enforcing a legal blockade. The French minister admits that the intended blockade was never intimated to the British government. There was no legal blockade. Yet the King of Prussia, for what reason is not stated, pares down the restitution to be made to a miserable fraction of the property actually abstracted or destroyed.

Again: when the controversy between Great Britain and the United States respecting the south-eastern boundary of Canada was referred to the arbitration of the King of Holland, an award was made, which, though it did not give us all we claimed, could not exactly be called an adverse decision. But from this award we derived no benefit. A pettifogging technical plea, as to the competency to pronounce such a judgment under the terms of the reference, was raised by the United States government, and negotiations began anew.

This country, at least, seems to have no chance of justice under the arbitration system. Either it is denied us by the arbiters themselves in consequence of some inexplicable refinement of reasoning, or it is evaded by our co-referees on some technical quibble. A nation ought to sacrifice much to avoid war, but there are limits to the application of this principle. A nation is not bound—is not entitled—to submit to a series of unjust decisions or evasions. Acquiescence may invite arbiters to decide against the party which has always shown itself most yielding; and many small robberies may make up a large sum, besides encouraging to more wholesale plunder. England has sacrificed enough already to give the arbitration experiment a fair trial. It is proposed that the Oregon controversy should also be referred to arbiters: with the recent experience of the Canadian boundary and Portendick controversies, England had better keep the maintenance of her rights in Oregon in her own hands for the present.—*Spectator*.

## THE MIRROR OF THE DANUBE.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

On forests bright with fading leaves,  
On hills of misty blue,  
And on the gathered gold of sheaves  
That by the Danube grew,  
The setting sun of autumn shed  
A mellow radiance rich and red,  
As ever dyed the storied flood,  
Since Roman blent with Dacian blood.  
But Rome and Dacia both were gone,  
Yet the old river still rolled on;  
And now upon its sands, apart,  
A peasant mother stood,  
With beaming eye and bounding heart,  
Marking the fearless mood  
Of her young children's mirth that rang  
Where late the joyous reaper sang.  
She blessed each yet unsaddened voice,  
Each head of golden hair,  
Her rosy girl, her blooming boys,  
And their young sire: for there  
Was gathered all that meek heart's store:  
The earth for her contained no more.  
Yet with the love of that long gaze,  
Were blent far dreams of future days;  
And oh to learn what time's swift wing  
To her life's blossoms yet might bring.  
Then came a sound like passing wind  
O'er the old river's breast,  
And that young mother turned to find,  
Upon the wave impressed,  
The mirrored semblance of a scene  
That never on its banks had been.  
It seemed a pillared fane that rose  
For justice far away,  
In some old city at the close  
Of a long trial day;  
When hope and doubt alike were past,  
And bright the midnight torches cast  
Their splendor on a breathless crowd,  
Dense as the summer's thunder cloud;  
Ere the first lightning breaks its gloom,  
Waiting the words of death and doom.  
But far amid that living sea  
Of faces dark and strange,

One visage claimed her memory;

In spite of time and change,  
And all that fortune's hand had done,  
The mother knew her first-born son.  
Sternly he sat in judgment there;  
But who were they that stood  
Before him at that fatal bar?

Was he—the unsubdued  
In heart and eye, though more than age  
Had written on his brow's broad page  
The fiery thoughts of restless years,  
Whose griefs had never fallen in tears;  
Unblanched by guilt, untouched by scorn,  
Her beautiful, her youngest born,  
And he upon whose hair and heart  
Alike had fallen the snows  
Of winters that no more depart;

The worn of many woes  
And hopeless years—was he in truth  
The loved, the chosen of her youth?  
She knew not what of woe and crime  
Had seared each form and soul,

Nor how the tides of fate and time  
Had borne them to that goal;  
So much unlike that peaceful scene  
Of stream, and corn, and sunset sheen:  
And they, oh how unlike to those  
Whose fearless joy around her rose!  
And yet through sorrow, guilt, and shame,  
She knew they were the very same.  
Their judge, perchance, he knew them not;

For o'er his brow there passed  
No troubled shade of haunting thought  
From childhood's roof-tree east;  
Save that his glance, so coldly bright,  
Fell with a strange unquiet light  
Upon a face that still was fair,  
Though early worn and wan.

Yet lines of loftier thought were there;  
The spirit's wealth, that ran  
To waste, for sin bore darkly down  
What might have worn an angel's crown.  
And o'er that mother's eye, which yet  
Beheld, and wept not till it met  
The gaze of her lost girl, there came  
A sudden gush of sorrow's stream,  
As though the drop that overflowed  
Its urn had fallen there.

But when it passed that darkening cloud,  
And she looked forth again  
On the old river, vanished all  
Were city, crowd, and judgment-hall.  
The autumn night, with sudden gloom,

Came down on sea and shore,  
And silently her cottage home  
She sought; but never more  
Gazed on the Danube's slumbering wave,  
Nor wept above an early grave;  
Or cast one look of pride and joy  
On rosy girl or blooming boy;  
And even from their haunts of play  
Her glance was sadly turned away;  
But deep in dreamless slumber sealed  
Her eyes from all the tears  
Whose coming that bright eve revealed.

And all the after years  
Kept the dark promise of that hour.  
And had the earth's old rivers power  
To mirror the far clouds that lie  
So darkly in life's distant sky,  
How many a loving heart would turn,  
Like hers, for comfort to the urn.



From Ainsworth's Magazine.

## A BIT OF "STILL LIFE" AMONG THE HILLS OF CONNEMARA.

On a fine bright August morning, some ten years since, with my trusty Manton in my hand, and accompanied by a favorite setter, I strolled up the mountain, which overhung a friend's shooting-lodge in Connemara. For some time, I was tolerably successful in my sport; bird after bird sprang up from the heather, only to find its way into my capacious pockets; and by twelve o'clock I found I had secured more game than I could well stow away. Cursing my want of forethought, which had prevented me from accepting the services of at least one of the dozen lazy hangers-on at the lodge, I determined on retracing my footsteps, with what feelings I leave it to my brother sportsmen to decide.

Fortune, however, had better luck in store for me. I had not moved ten yards from the spot where I had been standing, when a thin blue wreath of smoke, curling over the shoulder of a mountain far away to the right, attracted my attention. Certain, now, of discovering some house where I might deposit my spoil, and obtain shelter from the heat which was becoming intense, I drew my shot-belt tighter around me, and, shouldering my gun, pushed briskly forward—now plunging to the hips in the tall heather, now threading my way through a morass—till, after half-an-hour's hard work, I reached a small low cabin at the top of a narrow glen, and out of the chimney of which the smoke was pouring in considerable volumes.

I had been long enough in Connemara to more than half suspect I had come unawares on an illicit still; indeed, the day before, I had heard there was one in full operation somewhere in these mountains, so, without farther ceremony than the usual Irish benediction of "God save all here," (to which the over-scrupulous add, "except the cat,") I pushed open the door and entered the cabin.

A tall, fine-looking girl, whom I immediately recognized as an old acquaintance, having frequently seen her at the lodge, was seated on a low stool in the centre of the apartment, while a stout, middle-aged countryman, dressed in a long frieze coat and knee breeches, but without shoes or stockings, was on his knees in a corner blowing away with a pair of old bellows at a turf fire, on which hung what appeared to my uninitiated eyes an immense pot. My sudden entrance evidently startled him not a little, for, springing to his feet, he grasped a stout blackthorn stick that lay beside him, and stared at me for a moment with a countenance in which fear and rage were curiously blended. Not so the girl. She rose from her seat and welcomed me to the cabin, with that gay, frank, and peculiarly Irish hospitality, which, I'll be sworn, has gladdened the heart of many a weary sportsman like myself.

"A, thin, bud yer honor's welcome. It's happy and proud we are to see you. Tim, you unmannerly thief, what are you starin' for, as if ye seen the gauger? Don't ye see the master's frind standin' foreninst you? and yer caubeen on your head, ye amathaun!"

Tim doffed his hat with much reverence. He "axed my honor's pardon; but the thieven gaugers war gettin' so plenty, that a poor boy could

hardly get done a hand's turn without havin' them on his tracks."

I looked at the fellow as he spoke. There was none of that brutal, debauched look about him which distinguishes the English law-breaker. On the contrary, he was a very fair specimen of an Irish peasant; and, as I examined his honest, manly countenance, I could not help feeling strong misgivings as to the righteousness of the excise laws. Whether this feeling was caused by the delicious smell of the "potheen" that pervaded the room, I leave it to the charitably disposed reader to decide.

Meantime, a bottle filled with the aforesaid potheen was placed on the table by the girl, and consigning my Manton to a corner, and emptying my pockets on the dresser, I speedily came to the conclusion that there are worse places than an Irish still-house for a tired sportsman to rest in.

I had hardly drained the first glass to the health of my fair hostess, when a little ragged, sunburnt gossoon rushed into the cabin, and, claspin his hands above his head, broke out into the most unearthly yell I ever heard.

"Och! wirr-as-thrue, murder!—och hone! och hone! Save yourselves for the sake of the blessed Vargin! We're sowld!—the peelers is an us!"

Tim jumped from his seat as he spoke, and, seizing him by the collar, shook him violently.—"Who? what!—How many is in it! Spake, you young reprobate, or, by Jabers, I'll make short work of you!"

"There's two!—bad luck to them!" sobbed out the poor boy. "They kem round the priest's pass, and were an me afore I could bless myself."

"Then the devil resave the drop of sparits they'll seize there to-day!" said Tim, as his eye fell on my double-barrel that was leaning against the wall beside me.

"Come, my fine fellow," I cried, "that won't do. I'll do what I can for you. But you had better not try that."

We had no time for farther parley, for the next moment the heavy tramp of footsteps was heard without, and two revenue policemen, with fixed bayonets, entered the cabin.

"A purty mornin's work you have made of it, Misther Connolly," said the foremost of the pair, "but a mighty expensive one, I'm thinkin'. Long threatnin' comes at last. I towld you I'd be on your thrack afore long, and I've kept my word. Guard the door, Jim, and let no one pass out."

"An' I towld you," said Tim, his face darkening as he spoke—"I towld you I'd be even wid you for what ye did to poor Hugh Connor. So pass on your way, and lave me and mine alone, or it'll be the worst job ever you put a hand in."

"I must first see what you have on the fire, my good lad," said the man: "so make way there, in the queen's name."

"It ill becomes the like of ye to have the queen's name in yer mouth, ye dirty informer," said Tim. "So pass on yer way—I say again—or the devil a bit of this world's bread ever you'll eat."

"We'll try that presently," said the policeman, coolly: "Jim, keep an eye on the girl that she does n't bolt on ye—she's as cunnin' as a fox."

So saying, and lowering his carbine, he attempted to pass Tim, but, in doing so, he evidently reckoned without his host, for, with a shout like a Delaware Indian, Tim sprang within his guard and seizing him by the collar, in a second both men were rolling over on the ground, grappling one another like two bulldogs.

My hostess, like myself, had hitherto remained an inactive spectator; but she now evidently determined not to let them have all the fun to themselves, for, taking up a pair of heavy iron tongs, she would soon, no doubt, have made a considerable diversion in Tim's favor, had not the other policeman jumped forward and caught her by the wrist.

"So that 's yer game, is it, my lady? then I'll take the liberty of fittin' you wid a pair of brace-lets," producing at the same time a pair of handcuffs which he attempted to force on her wrists; but the girl struggled desperately, and, in doing so, must have irritated him greatly, for the ruffian struck her a heavy blow with his closed fist.

My blood was now fairly up, and grasping my gun I inserted the butt-end under the fellow's ribs, and dashed him into the corner; where, his head striking heavily against the sharp edge of a table, he lay apparently insensible.

"Run for it, Master Harry—never mind Tim—run or you'll be cotched!" shouted Mary, as she vanished out of the back door, while I bolted at the front. The ringing sound of a stick against the policeman's shako, telling me, as I went, that Tim's blackthorn was doing its office.

I had got about fifty yards up the mountain, when I turned and witnessed a sight I shall not easily forget. I have mentioned before that the cabin was built at the top of a glen, between two mountains. Down this glen bounded Tim with the speed of a hunted stag, his long frieze coat streaming in the wind behind him, while the worm (the only valuable part of the apparatus) was bobbing up and down over his shoulder, keeping time to the motion of his bare legs, which were taking the ground along with them at an awful pace. In front of the cabin was his antagonist ramming a cartridge down his carbine, with unmistakable energy, which the moment he had accomplished he fired slap after the caubeen, but the ball only tore up the ground some yards to his right, and with a yell of triumph I saw Tim disappear round the corner of the glen.

It was late in the evening when, tired and travel-stained, I entered the dining-room at the lodge, where I found a large party assembled.

"Harry, my boy," said my friend, "we had given you up in despair. Ellen insisted you had fallen over a precipice, or were drowned in a bog-hole, or something of the kind. You look tired, too," filling me a tumbler of claret as he spoke; "there, now, take off that."

I never was remarkable for setting the table in a roar; but, on this occasion, if Theodore Hook himself had been relating my adventure I doubt whether he could have succeeded better than I did myself, and the old oak ceiling rang again, as my friend starting up and pointing to a short, punchy, red-faced, little man, said:—

"Let me introduce you to Lieutenant Cassidy, late of H. M.'s 88th regiment, and now commander of the Clifden revenue police."

"And an officer," said the lieutenant, bowing,

"who would be sorry to interfere with any gentleman's diversions, even if he chose to break the heads of every scoundrel in the squad. The only thing I would recommend," he added, lowering his voice as he spoke, "is change of air; after your praiseworthy exertions this morning, I am sure it would be of service."

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

#### THE VICTIMS OF DIPLOMACY.

WE take credit to ourselves for having already grappled with this subject, which is daily assuming a more important aspect. We gave to it originally, the title now adopted by Captain Grover; but, if his views are correct, the phrase to be used should rather be the "victims to diplomacy," as expressive of a new order of political atonements, offered up in the persons of ambassadors and envoys to political expediency. This is a kind of political drama, which can only be well enacted in semi-barbarous countries; and it is therefore, as yet, confined to Anglo-Russian rivalry. For a time it concerned itself more with the loss of political and commercial advantages, as the resignation of the Euphrates and the Tigris, the retreat from Afghanistan, and many minor cessions made to Russian influence; but Russia began with disavowing agents, in the person of the unfortunate Vicovitch, and Great Britain carried out the principle wholesale, in the almost simultaneous sacrifice of Wyburd, Stoddart, and Conolly. There is no mincing the matter now; all the points are ascertained, all the details established beyond controversy; and it will never do to allow a transaction, involving the utmost disgrace and the most humiliating dishonor to the nation, to pass by unnoticed.

Notwithstanding the disavowal of government, the fact of these gentlemen being politically employed, is now placed beyond question. Lieut. Wyburd was sent, in 1835, by Sir John Campbell, who then represented the sovereign of Great Britain at the court of Persia, on a very important secret mission to Khiva. He has never been heard of since; and apparently, indeed, scarcely inquired after. Dr. Wolff's mission to Bokhara suggested the opportunity of making such inquiries; and Captain Grover, as president of the committee, addressed a letter to the foreign office, calling attention to the case. The answer was, that the foreign office "was not aware that Lieut. Wyburd was sent on any mission at all to Khiva." This Gothic expression "at all" betrays considerable irritability upon the subject. The dauntless Grover immediately responded, that he had Sir John Campbell's authority to the effect that he was employed. The foreign office was obliged to cry "peccavi," and acknowledge that it had overlooked the possession of a dispatch to that effect; sheltering itself also under the statement, that the British embassy at the court of Persia was at the time of Lieutenant Wyburd's mission under the direction of the East India Company, and not of the foreign office. It would scarcely be conceived, that in consequence of this, not only is an envoy overlooked and lost sight of, but being denied and repudiated by the foreign office, and dead to the East India Company, a pension to Lieutenant Wyburd's aged and unfortunate mother is refused, by the latter, because, although an officer in their service, he was sent on this mission, not by the company, but by Queen Victoria's government.

Well may Captain Grover, in his letter to the Earl of Aberdeen, of May 2nd, 1844, say—

"Should the notion get abroad that British officers are to be sent on perilous duties, to be then abandoned, the honor of the British army, and the prosperity of the British nation, will soon be among the things past."

The same year that poor Wyburd was sent off, never to be again made mention of, till some generous, humane and gallant Grover asks the whereabouts of his official grave, Colonel Stoddart was attached, as military secretary, to Mr. Ellis' mission to Persia. Three years afterwards, in 1838, Russia sent a large and rich caravan to the frontiers of Bokhara, the pretended peaceable merchants of which were in reality agents and officers of the government. It was expected that so rich a prey would tempt the nomades of the Oxus; and, to reclaim its subjects, Russia intended an invasion of Central Asia. The thing happened as anticipated: the caravan was beset, and the sham merchants converted into willing prisoners. This was at the time when the expedition into Afghanistan was preparing. The Czar was also assembling troops for the Oxus. In order to prevent this, Lord Palmerston despatched orders to send some clever and intrepid member of the Persian mission into Bokhara, to prevail upon the Amir to restore the supposed merchant prisoners, and thus to deprive Russia of a pretence for war. Colonel Stoddart was selected for this purpose.

"It is impossible," says the *Revue de Paris*, in noticing this mission, "not to envy England these courageous agents, which it always finds ready to devote themselves to its service. The merit is so much the greater, as the fate that awaits them in these perilous enterprises is scarcely ever doubtful. For one Burnes, whose name becomes known throughout the civilized world, how many victims of this patriotism fall obscurely, disappear without leaving any more traces than the straw which is carried away by the wind! These examples of devotedness are sublime; they deserve to be held out to the just admiration of people."

Success attended upon the mission. The Russian prisoners were liberated, and the Czar deprived for a time of an excuse for the conquest of Bokhara. But the Amir, frightened by the progress of the British in Afghanistan, determined upon detaining Colonel Stoddart, in order that if his own territories or surety should be affected by the war, he should be enabled to negotiate with better chance of success. This is now the opinion of all best able to judge of Oriental actions. It was the explanation given by the Khan of Khiva to Captain Abbot; it is the explanation admitted by Captain Grover, and by the *Revue de Paris*. But the Amir was also irritated that the envoy, in whose detention he had placed his hopes of safety, could not obtain from a timid or forgetful government the proper vouchers for his authority; and he added cruel tortures to what was at first a mere captivity. On a former occasion, we surmised the possibility of the British envoy having been confined in the horrid well full of ticks. Captain Grover now makes the positive circumstance of that confinement known to the public.

The detention of Colonel Stoddart betrayed the secret of the embassy to the Russians. It was to be expected that the czar would be irritated at having been outwitted in the caravan plan; and it appears to have caused less compunction at the

foreign office to disavow and abandon an agent full of integrity and honor, and a gallant officer, than to be obliged to wince under the imperial frown. It is not that such a disavowal of an agent would satisfy Count Woronzow or his imperial master of the innocence of Great Britain in having thwarted their measures in Central Asia, but it is that the humiliation of such a proceeding is considered, in the Anglo-Russian international diplomacy, as an equivalent for the success temporarily obtained through the means of the now repudiated envoy.

The arrival of Conolly gave greater complication to the affair. This officer—according to Sir Robert Peel's statement, made in the House of Commons on the 28th of June, 1844, in answer to a question by Mr. Cochrane—had been sent by the Indian government to make communications at Khiva and Cokan. An intimation was made to Colonel Stoddart that Captain Conolly was at Khiva, and if he thought he could be useful to him, he had authority to send for him from that place. Colonel Stoddart, guided by these direct official instructions, wrote to Captain Conolly, who in consequence repaired to Bokhara. On the same occasion Sir Robert Peel stated before the House that Colonel Stoddart had been authorized to repair to Bokhara, and was directly employed by the government to make communications at Bokhara; putting that part of the question which refers to the disavowal of both these envoys beyond a doubt. And yet these were the two officers, employed on so perilous a mission, and as deeply engaged in the service of their queen and their country as the foreign secretary and the governor-general themselves, whom Lord Ellenborough wrote to the Amir, claiming as "innocent travellers"—that is, declaring them to be impostors and spies. "A mode of intervention," says the *Revue de Paris*, "which succeeded in destroying them."

But as the detention of the British emissaries was persevered in by the Amir, in order to ensure safety to his own territories, he could have nothing to gain by their death. He might subject them to cruel tortures, when disavowed by their government, but it could never have been his interest to actually destroy them. With the capriciousness of an Oriental despot they might be tortured to change their faith, and then liberated to practise openly the rites of the Christian religion: they might be one day in a dungeon, and another in favor at court; but unless disease and suffering may have carried them off, there is no reason to believe that the Amir would cause them to be slain. When Captain Grover was at St. Petersburg, he heard that the prisoners had been removed to Samarcand before Dr. Wolff arrived at Bokhara; and the circumstances attendant upon the interview of that excellent man with the Shakhul (secretary of state for foreign affairs) are highly corroborative of this opinion.

It makes the blood run cold to read the following. Dr. Wolff writes—

"The time of evening approached, and the military band played 'God save the Queen,' which most agreeably surprised me."

Dr. Wolff makes no observation whatever upon this very extraordinary circumstance.

"At Bokhara," says Captain Grover, "they have not the least idea of music, according to our acceptance of that term;" and Dr. Wolff says, "there was not a man at Bokhara who knew any-



thing of England or the English language, except the Nayib's 'halt-front,' and 'no force.' What then means this 'God save the Queen,' played passing the doctor's residence, or I should say prison?

"I will give the reader my opinion, upon which he will place his own value.

"During the Cabul disaster numerous British soldiers and sepoy were taken prisoners, and I have good reason to believe were sold at Bokhara. One of the chief objects of Dr. Wolff's mission was to purchase the release of these unfortunates, and he had authority to draw upon my small fortune for that purpose. Among these prisoners would probably be found some musicians, and the king would most likely form these men into a band. The king of Bokhara would of course be most anxious to conceal from Dr. Wolff the presence of these men at Bokhara, while they would be most anxious to make themselves known; and the safest and most natural means of doing this would be to play our national air. Such modes of communication have been commonly employed from the time of Richard Cœur de Lion, ('Richard, O mon Roi!') down to Silvio Pellico. Had I, at Bokhara, heard a man humming 'Au clair de la lune,' I should immediately have been sure that a Frenchman was near, and should have whistled 'Dormez, dormez,' to show that I was 'wide awake.'"

Captain Grover proves, from Dr. Wolff's reports, that the accounts of the public execution of Colonels Stoddart and Conolly, for which Saleb Mohammed received 3000 rupees, and on the faith of which the name of as brave a man as ever wore the British uniform was struck out of the list of the army, must have been false. It will not appear remarkable, after what we have related of intentional diplomatic sacrifice, that government should have paid 3000 rupees for such information, although they would not contribute a farthing to the rescue of their suffering emissaries. Her majesty's government, in following out the same determination that these envoys should be publicly dead, whether actually alive or not, published in the papers a communication from the Russian minister to that effect: but to this day they have never published the contradictory statement received shortly afterwards from the British minister, Colonel Shiel; it did not suit their purpose to do so. After the disavowal of the envoys by their government, the Russians expressed their wish to convey them away in safety from Bokhara as travellers; but Colonel Stoddart refused to avail himself of such a dishonorable subterfuge. "Had I known," said the Russian envoy to Captain Grover, "that these gentlemen were agents of the government, I could have saved them at once."

The public owe a heavy debt of gratitude to the chivalrous and generous Captain Grover, for the uncompromising manner in which he has taken up this important subject. He throughout exposes the demoralizing results of such conduct, and the contempt brought by it upon the British nation in a masterly and unanswerable manner:—

"I consider it my duty," he says, in his address to the queen, "to state to your majesty, that the circumstances attending this extraordinary case are degrading to the British nation, and are of a nature to dim the lustre of your majesty's crown!"

It is sincerely to be hoped that the work of

Captain Grover, and the details which Dr. Wolff may soon be expected to communicate, will rouse the authorities to a sense of what is due to the national dignity. If not, the nation itself must insist upon some effort being made to rescue her envoys, and to ensure the extinction of this newly-invented system of sacrificing honorable and brave men to political expediency. The thing must not stop where it now rests.

#### STEAM COMMUNICATION WITH FRANCE.

GREAT competition at present exists between the ports of Dover and Folkestone as to rapidity of communication with the French coast. The South-Eastern Railway Company having made Folkestone a principal station, and improved its harbor, several fine iron steamers were built and regularly connected with it—namely, the *Princess Alice*, the *Princess Mary*, the *Princess Maude*, and the *Queen of the Belgians*, which last vessel was launched only a few months ago. Each of these, in the order stated, was an improvement upon the former one, and was considered the fastest steamer in the world, until at length the Dover people, determined not to be outdone, induced the General Steam Navigation Company to send down the *Magician*, also an iron steamer, to ply between that port and Boulogne. The *Magician* has since proved herself equal in speed to the best of the Folkestone boats.

Another iron steamer has lately been launched, named the *Ondine*, to run on alternate days between Dover and Boulogne, with the *Magician*; and a very lively interest has been created along both coasts as to whether the palm of speed belonged to the Dover or the Folkestone boats.

On the 2nd inst., the *Ondine*, in going from Dover to Boulogne for the Indian mail, on account of the *Morning Herald*, accomplished the run, thirty miles, in one hour and fifty-one minutes, the quickest passage, we believe, ever made. The inhabitants of Dover, Folkestone, and Boulogne were on the *qui vive*, as it was known that a trial would take place between the *Ondine* and the *Queen of the Belgians*, which was waiting at Boulogne for the Indian mail on account of the *Times*.

On that occasion the *Queen of the Belgians* performed the distance in one hour and fifty-three minutes, beating the *Ondine* by sixteen minutes; but the cause of this apparent superiority was an accident to the *Ondine's* machinery, one of the slides having given way. But as on the previous day the *Ondine* had made the voyage in two minutes' less time—namely, one hour and fifty-one minutes—it was resolved by the owners that as soon as her machinery was repaired another trial of speed should take place on the first opportunity.

Everything having been set to rights on board the *Ondine* by the 13th inst., she proceeded on that day from Dover to Boulogne, to try her qualities with the *Princess Maude*, which has hitherto had the reputation of being the fastest boat on the station.

The following account of the interesting trial has been transmitted to us by eye-witnesses.

"The *Ondine* was put into the roads this morning, and went over to Boulogne to meet the *Princess Maude*, and met her accordingly about half an hour after she had left Boulogne. The weather was thick at the time, the wind blowing fresh; she

was, however, made out, the *Ondine* being to the windward of her. The *Ondine* bore down and hoisted her red flag of defiance. She took her station about a cable's length behind the *Maude*. Some few minutes elapsed before it could be told which of the vessels would prove the victor. The *Maude* had her staysail and foresail set. The *Ondine* soon set two sails also. In ten minutes the competitors were paddle-box and paddle-box, and in twenty minutes the *Ondine* was so far ahead that she actually put the *Maude* into her wake. The *Ondine* proceeded on to Folkestone, and when within about a cable's length of that harbor she hove to in sight of all the Folkestone people, who had apparently assembled to witness the issue. In eight or ten minutes the *Maude* passed close to the *Ondine's* stern, and went into the harbor. Knowing that she had to land her passengers and return to Boulogne, the *Ondine* waited, standing off and on, till she backed out; and when she had got her head right for Boulogne, and considerably ahead of the *Ondine*, the latter once more started after her, when a most interesting struggle took place. The *Ondine*, however, was soon again paddle-box and paddle-box with her opponent; the sea was very rough, and, apparently, the *Maude*, at times, shipped a great deal of water; the *Ondine* threw it off both sides of her paddle-boxes. When sufficiently ahead of the *Maude*, so as to run no risk, the *Ondine* crossed her bows and went round her!! thus demonstrating, a second time, the great superiority in speed of the *Ondine* over the *Princess Maude*. Both the *City of London* and *Magician*, in crossing to and from Boulogne and Dover, saw the trial, and bore to each place the news of the *Ondine* having gone twice round the *Maude* in so short a distance. It is the general opinion that the *Princess Maude* is superior to the *Queen of the Belgians*. The rate was seventeen and seventeen and a half miles per hour.

This splendid little vessel, the *Ondine*, was built and fitted with machinery by Messrs. Miller, Ravenhill, and Co., of Blackwall. The engines of the *Ondine* are two fifties only, while those of the *Princess Maude* are, at least, twenty horse power more. The *Princess Mary*, the *Princess Alice*, and the *Queen of the Belgians*, were constructed by Messrs. Ditchburn and Mare.—*Morning Herald*.

From the Examiner, May 17.

#### HOW TO DEAL WITH IRISH TREASON.

WE were assured by Sir Robert Peel's admirers that the Maynooth grant was to be looked upon as earnest of more important measures of conciliation. What the happy effect of it has been, with the premier's adroit explanation of the unworthy motives for it, we need not repeat; but what has been the reception of the next act of grace, the establishment of the three lay colleges? Why, the Catholic organs denounce the plan, agreeing with Sir Robert Inglis that it is a scheme of godless education, and Mr. O'Connell condemns it as a plan as idle as ever came from the lips of man, and promises it all the negative opposition in his power.

Sir Robert Peel's conciliation seems this tapering away very quickly, "small by degrees and beautifully less." For grant the first he got a little flummery, a few fair words of acknowledgment, of which he made the most; but for grant

the second he gets nothing but contempt. If this be his way of following up his appeasing measures, in what excess of exasperation will it end!

It is clear that as yet nothing but mischief has been done. The temper of Ireland is at this moment worse than it has been at any other time since the rebellion. The popular press teems with the worst sort of treason; not treason against the state, not the treason that would overthrow a form of government, but the treason that would arm one part of the population against another; a treason not against the crown, but against the people; a treason ready to league with any foreign foe, French, Russian, American, careless of the cause, no matter whether the ally be despot or democrat, enmity and injury to England being the only bonds of alliance regarded. There is nothing very heroic in this, it must be confessed. If seven millions of spirited people were as inflamed with wrong as the popular organs of Ireland represent, they should need no foreign aid; they would scorn to lie by waiting a juncture of difficulty or danger to their oppressors, but would straight, by their own power and a just cause, work out their own redemption. But allowing for much exaggeration, yet the anti-Anglican feeling prevails to such an extent, and is still so spreading, as to warrant serious apprehension for the future. The repeal agitation is a minor evil; the hostility of race to race is what we regard as the serious and menacing evil. Men hacknied in public affairs are likely to make light of this source of danger. The cry of wolf has been so often raised in Ireland that they think little of alarms in that quarter. But they have to observe that the mind of Ireland was never before at once so alienated and inflamed, and so marshalled as it is now. It is a thoroughly disciplined malignity, and while it is biding its time for mischief, it is making its time too.

Mark the language of the *Nation*, which, having enumerated the concessions that should satisfy Ireland, (with one or two exceptions judiciously selected,) proceeds thus:—

"But we fear that ere he (Sir R. Peel) would be induced to yield even a few of these just measures, the war should have got to its summer heat, the American privateers should have been busy with the ships of London, the tricolor of France should have begun to flutter, and the organization of 'the Irish brigades' have been reported forward by his New York spies.

"Fervently attached as the Irish are to the greatness of England, these events would doubtless cause them bitter agony. *How our coasts would be thronged with weeping citizens as the Yankee frigates floated by with their prizes.* How our corporations and reading halls would storm against the threatening French. Sure there would be moans in every cabin when the word passed on that the exiles were ready; and every parish would have its volunteer company preparing to expel the enemy.

"How painful to think that a struggle which would so peril England, and so distress Ireland, should be a means of gaining for us franchises, tenures, representation, resident landlords, native administration, perhaps a native parliament! *How wicked of the minister to make his justice conditional on such events! How insane of him to avow that the cloud of coming war was full of benefits to Ireland!*"

But how is the state of feeling here represented to be dealt with! It is not unprovoked, though it

may exceed the provocation. It is encouraged, too. It is the only language that has succeeded with tory administrations. Appeals to reason, justice, humanity, have been slighted; wrongs have been and still are insolently persisted in, and the only avowed motive for any act of grace or equity is fear. Can we then wonder that menace, which alone has been successful and encouraged, is carried to the pitch we witness. And though vapor, yet as vapor it is not to be despised; for we must not be too sure that the vapor is not of that sort which fires and explodes in a great mine of disaffection.

There is but one safe way of dealing with it, and of the causes under it—the removal of every ground of just complaint, the establishment of a thoroughly impartial system of government, placing the Catholics in every respect on an equal footing with the Protestant portion of the community. England having thus put herself in the right towards Ireland, freed herself from the incumbrances and impediments of unjustifiable provocations, her course, if the enmity should survive the causes, and threaten her peace and safety, would be of that firm and bold character in which true prudence lies. She would not wait to be stabbed in the side when attacked by a foreign foe in front. With all parties united in Great Britain, and with the reasonable part of the Irish nation coöperating, she would put down the treason before its opportunity of mischief arrived. As the *Morning Chronicle* remarks, "They who announce beforehand their intention of resorting to civil war, are not always allowed to bide their time, and to wait their opportunity; and if the leaders of Conciliation Hall (what an appropriate name!) continue to go on declaring that it is their intention to join the enemy on the first occasion when their country may be at war, it is just possible that this intention of theirs may be defeated beforehand, in a manner somewhat inconvenient to them."

While England is, however, to any extent in the wrong, there would not be the union necessary to coping with the intentions in question. Full justice must first be done, conciliation in the largest sense exhausted, before resort to such means as the self-preservation of the empire may dictate.

Much important time has already been culpably lost. First, there was the loss of time in the policy of doing nothing; next, in the more abortive plan of repression through injustice; and now, in these petty palliatives, while the great oppressions and affronts are maintained. Every day that the reforms, which must come at last, are delayed, the evil spirit of hatred to England is growing, and the probability of its dying away with the removal of the irritating causes is diminishing. The rate at which the Sybil's books are burning may be marked in the reception of Sir Robert Peel's concessions, such as they are, and the time may come when the tardy discharge of the debt of justice to Ireland, though it may relieve the conscience of England, will be unavailing to the restoration of concord between the races, a result which we regard as the most baneful calamity that can befall the empire.

#### ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

WE understand it is the intention of government, in conjunction with the Chester and Holyhead Railroad Company, to have the electric tele-

graph established on that important line, reaching from London to Holyhead, a distance of between 200 and 300 miles, and embracing in its route the commercial capitals of Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham. The adoption of this invention on a scale of magnitude bids fair to effect a change in the entire correspondence of the country, by bringing, as it were, momentarily into close consolidation and communion the exchanges of London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, conveying with lightning-like velocity every fluctuation of affairs, and telegraphing from mart to mart, with marvellous exactitude, and over areas of hundreds of miles, intelligence that may be received and reciprocated almost simultaneously by every mercantile community in the kingdom. Great advantages have already been developed to the admiralty and commercial world by its adoption between London and Gosport. The old semaphore system is now nearly superseded, and important government orders and intelligence, that formerly occupied hours in transmitting by the ordinary semaphores between London and Portsmouth, are now forwarded and fulfilled in a few seconds, the communicating wires which will shortly be carried from Nine Elms to the Admiralty, at Whitehall, terminating in the very barracks of the garrison at Gosport. The establishment of telegraphic communication between Liverpool and Holyhead, Lloyd's and London, will give every facility for shipping purposes; and in this respect the invention has worked most efficiently between London and Southampton, where, as at Gosport, there is a telegraph station, telegraphic notices being daily despatched, on the arrival of important mails and merchantmen. The advantages, moreover, that may accrue from a line of wires to Holyhead, in establishing a closer connexion between the metropolis and the sister isle, is of a nature not to be overlooked, either in a political or social point of view. Lines of telegraph, we understand, have been or are about being adopted on the following, amongst other, lines:—On the South-Western, as a government telegraph for the Admiralty to Portsmouth, 90 miles: on the same line, as a commercial telegraph, from Nine Elms to Southampton, 77 miles, with branch to Gosport, 21 miles; on the South Devon atmospheric line, now in progress, 52 miles; on the Great Western from Paddington to Slough, 18 miles; on the Yarmouth and Norwich, 20 miles; on the Dover line, from Tonbridge to Maidstone, 15 miles; on the Croydon atmospheric; on the Blackwall; on part of the Manchester and Leeds, and its branch to Oldham; on part of the Edinburgh and Glasgow; upon the Dalkey atmospheric branch of the Dublin and Kingstown, applicable alike to the conveyance of commercial intelligence and to the safe conduct and working of the line. The above embraces an extent of nearly 250 miles over which the telegraphic principle is already in operation; and its adoption between London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Holyhead will add about 300 miles more.—*Globe*.

In a letter to a clerical friend, the Reverend Theobald Mathew announces that his debts have now all been liquidated, to the amount of 7,000*l.*, principally by contributions from England, with some partial aid in Ireland. [What has become of the annuity that was to be secured to Mr. Mathew? Was not Mr. O'Connell to be active in that behalf?]



From the Examiner.

# IMPUNITY OF MILITARY MISCONDUCT.

A CORRESPONDENCE between Mr. Barker, of Drury Lane Theatre, Captain Sutton, of the 7th Hussars, and the commander-in-chief, the Duke of Wellington, has been published by Ridgway, under the title of *Impunity of Military Insolence and Licentiousness*. The question involved in it is of no small importance to society, as it relates to the security of female reputation.

The main facts seem briefly to be these: Sir W. Russell, of the 7th Hussars, publicly stated that Captain Sutton had boasted of a criminal intercourse with Mrs. Barker. The husband wrote to Captain Sutton, asking whether he had ever uttered such a boast. The reply was, that he (Captain Sutton) had never mentioned the name of the lady in any disrespectful or disparaging way.

Mr. Barker then called upon him to take steps to contradict the calumny circulated, on his alleged authority, by his friend. Captain Sutton's answer to this, in no very intelligible style, was, in effect, that, as he found upon inquiry that Sir W. Russell and another gentleman had not spread the report, there was nothing more to be done, and with this curt decision he peremptorily closed the correspondence.

The husband, on the contrary, avers that he was prepared to prove that the calumny had been extensively circulated.

Upon this stage of the case Mr. Barker remarks, in a memorial to Colonel Whyte, in command of the regiment—

"It is to be observed, that Captain Sutton has not denied that Sir William Russell had stated that he had heard him, Captain Sutton, boast of an intrigue with Mrs. Barker. As he does not deny this important fact, he must be understood to admit it. Captain Sutton denies, indeed, that he ever spoke disrespectfully or disparagingly of Mrs. Barker, which is tantamount to a denial that he ever uttered the gross calumny attributed to him, but this leaves either Sir William Russell or him committed to an untruth.

"It might have been expected that Captain Sutton would have followed up his own denial of the calumny, by immediately procuring from Sir William Russell an admission that he had grossly misrepresented him, (Captain Sutton,) in citing him as his authority; this is the course which a gentleman of truth and spirit would have naturally taken, in such a case, but nothing of the sort has been done by Captain Sutton. He appears to have rested content with denying that he had uttered the slander, which Sir William Russell declared publicly and notoriously he had spoken.

"If such a wrong as has been done to my wife, in this case, can be committed with impunity, and without reparation, what woman's character can be secure, what reputation may not be blasted by the same cruel sort of attack?

"Upon the averment of a boast, the character is defamed, described as the most wanton and infamous, the alleged boaster when called upon denies, makes protestations to the contrary, but will do no more; he is asked, as an act of mere justice, to do what lies in his power to correct the wrong that has been done on the abused authority of his name, he cavalierly refuses, and does not even show that he has made the repeater of his

alleged boasts conscious that he has promulgated a gross and injurious falsehood.

"Surely, when a man of honor finds that the authority of his name has been used to give currency and credit to a calumnious falsehood, he feels bound to use all the means in his power to counteract the mischief, and he regards the person who has taken such unwarrantable liberties with his name, and misrepresented his words, as guilty of a wrong to himself, only second to that to the cruelly aspersed woman.

"The laws of honor, indeed, imperatively forbid such practice, and to the rules for the regulation of the army, I therefore make my appeal, to protect me and mine against the injurious effect of it in this instance; and I trust that measures will be taken to ascertain the fact, whether one gentleman bearing her majesty's commission has falsely reported a brother officer to have made the statement, that he had a criminal intimacy with my wife, or whether another gentleman bearing her majesty's commission has falsely denied such statement, he having made it?"

Colonel Whyte refused to interfere, on the score of the impracticability of a military inquiry requiring the testimony of several civilians not amenable to the jurisdiction. Mr. Barker then carried his appeal to the commander-in-chief, and was informed by Lord Fitzroy Somerset that his grace could not interfere, as the subject of complaint could only be fully investigated and decided upon by the civil tribunals.

Upon this he took counsel's opinion, and was advised by Mr. Peacock that an action could not be supported unless special damage could be proved.

So that under our boasted laws any unscrupulous boaster can claim any married woman as his mistress with impunity, provided that no specific damage can be traced and proved (and the damage may have been done, though it may not be detected.)

The higher the character of the woman, indeed, the greater the safety of her slanderer; for if her reputation be so fair as to forbid belief in the story, no special damage results, and no action consequently can lie. If her repute be less good, and the tale be accordingly credited and acted upon to her prejudice, there may be a case for redress. What a monstrous absurdity is this, denying protection to the characters most deserving of it.

Let it not be said that the good repute is the sufficient protection. A virtuous woman's name cannot be so indecently brought into question without an injury and pain to her, which she has a right to be spared, and which it is a scandal to the laws for her to be subjected to.

Finding that he could have no redress from the civil tribunals, Mr. Barker again appealed to the commander-in-chief.

"Your grace having declined to take cognizance of my complaint under the impression that it fell within the jurisdiction of the civil tribunals, which, unfortunately, proves not to be the case, I now again most respectfully renew my appeal to your grace to afford me that justice which it is now certain can be obtained in no other quarter.

"It is a boasted maxim that there is no wrong without a remedy. Is it no wrong that Sir William Russell has publicly declared that Captain Sutton had boasted of a criminal intercourse with my wife, and that he could sleep with her when-

ever he liked ! And for this wrong, so wanton, so thoroughly unprovoked, so cruel, so intolerable, I have yet in vain sought the redress which is said to be obtainable for every wrong. The law, as your grace will see, does not afford me a remedy, because I am unable to discover and adduce any specific damage as the direct consequence of the calumny. It is not for me to point out to your grace the great hardship and anomaly of this point of law, the worst working of defamation being in its subtlety, and that good opinion is lost, and ill opinion formed in place of it, without any avowal or betrayal of the causes.

"I cannot but feel confident that your grace will comply with this prayer, because every one must be aware that the discipline of the army cannot coëxist with a license outraging both manners and morals. The uniform of an officer has hitherto been supposed to be a guarantee for truth and honor ; but if it can be worn by men permitted with impunity to indulge in boasts, profligate and base if true, unutterably wicked and villanous if false, there must be an end to the respect in which the service has as yet been held, and a serious diminution of the self-respect of the members of the profession ; for true gentlemen must feel degraded by finding that conduct not only unworthy of gentlemen, but disgraceful to men in any condition of life, is permitted and suffered in the service to which they belong.

"I rely then on cognizance of my case by the military tribunals, because the charge which I am well prepared to maintain, impugns the truth and honor of officers, and because vital to the discipline of the army as upholding the standard of conduct in its officers, and correcting any license which would involve them in disgraceful quarrels, and subject them justly to public odium. If I am not much misinformed, this principle of policy in the military administration may be traced in various proceedings taking cognizance of conduct not directly relating to technical points of discipline, but bearing importantly on the higher essential of discipline—gentlemanly conduct.

Your grace's anxiety to discountenance and repress duelling in the army has not been unmarked by the public ; and it is calculated to encourage me in the expectation that your grace will be as determined to repress the spirit of insult and injury, and to check intolerable provocations, as to prevent the settlement of quarrels arising too often from such causes, in the mode which has so long had the sanction of evil custom."

To this the Duke of Wellington replied as follows :—

"Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Barker.

"The officers of the army are, equally with all her majesty's subjects, amenable to the courts of law, for any offence which they may commit, or any injury they may do to any individual.

"The act complained of, whether alleged to have been committed by Sir William Russell or Captain Sutton, if not a calumny, slander or defamation, or a provocation to a breach of the peace, by one or both of these officers cognizable by a court of law, cannot be considered a breach of military discipline.

"It may be a slander or calumny by Sir William Russell against Captain Sutton.

"It may be a slander, calumny, or defamation by one or both officers against Mrs. Barker, of which a court of law would take cognizance

if criminal, or affording ground for civil proceedings.

"But if not considered an offence at law, it does not appear practicable to constitute a military offence ; and to found it upon loose conversation, however reprehensible."

To this unmeaning twaddle, which amounts to this nonsensical conclusion, that, if the act complained of was not an offence against law, it could not be a breach of military discipline, there being notoriously a multitude of breaches of military discipline which are no offences at law, Mr. Barker rejoined thus—

"I beg most respectfully to remind your grace, that it is not as a breach of military discipline that I have solicited your cognizance of the conduct in question, but as ungentelemanly conduct, which is so closely connected with military discipline, that the 31st article of war provides that 'any officer behaving in a scandalous, infamous manner, unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman,' shall be tried by court-martial, and punished on conviction.

"I submit, then, to your grace, that the slander of an innocent woman is scandalous, infamous, and unbecoming the character of a gentleman. I submit also that the utterance of a falsehood is scandalous, infamous, and unbecoming the character of an officer and gentleman.

"I beg to repeat that I am fully prepared with proof, that either Captain Sutton has told a falsehood in denying that he ever uttered the calumnious boast attributed to him by Sir William Russell, or that Sir William Russell was guilty of falsehood, in asserting that such slanderous boast was ever made by Captain Sutton.

"One of these officers must be guilty of falsehood, the thing most 'scandalous, infamous, and unbecoming the character of a gentleman ;' and coming, therefore, most strongly within the description of the misconduct for which the articles of war direct the cognizance of the military tribunals.

"My charge is two-fold : first that a wicked calumny has been spoken of my wife ; secondly, that in the very denial of that calumny by the officer to whom it was attributed, the conclusion is inevitably involved, either that the denial is a cowardly falsehood, or that the original representation (that of Sir William Russell) was a wanton falsehood, and double calumny—a calumny upon Captain Sutton, described as a profligate boaster, and a calumny against my innocent wife.

"If this be not the conduct unworthy of the character of a gentleman, for which the articles of war provide cognizance and punishment, what vice or villany can come within the scope of the words ?

"Your grace writes lightly of 'loose conversations,' but slander must be conveyed in conversation, and the malignity of its purpose and cruelty of its effect are not diminished by attaching the epithet 'loose' to the vehicle or mode of promulgating it.

"I find that there are many precedents for cognizance of conduct, not involving any breach of military discipline in the technical sense of the term, and I beg most respectfully to draw your grace's attention to one case in point, in which the offence seems far less grave than that of which I complain.

"There was a race ball, at the Bell Hotel,

Gloucester, in September, 1831, at which were present two officers, one Captain — of the — infantry\* — the other Lieutenant — of the — dragoons. Two stranger ladies were introduced by Captain — and Mr. —; after a time one of the Gloucester gentlemen (believed to be Mr. Goodrich) expressed an opinion as to the character, &c., and description of the ladies, and as Captain — declined to give any explanation as to who the ladies were, the suspicion was strengthened, and subsequently confirmed; a great sensation was excited, and the ladies expelled, and the gentlemen (the officers) left too.

"After some time Mr. Goodrich represented the circumstances to Colonel — of the — Dragoons, and he brought it under the notice of the officers, and Lieutenant — was offered his choice of sending in his resignation, or to stand a court-martial; he preferred the former and left the regiment.

"A similar representation of the facts was afterwards made to his Royal Highness the Duke of — (Colonel of the —), and Captain — was called on to leave the regiment, which he did, it is believed, at the recommendation of a court of inquiry.

"The ladies were from London, and had been intimate with Captain —, and followed him to Cheltenham, and he brought them to Gloucester. Captain — had known Lieutenant —, and prevailed on him to join him in this frolic, after dining with him. Mr. —'s case excited considerable sympathy at the time, as he was not the original offending party, and it was in consequence of this feeling that Captain — was complained of to his commanding officer."

"The act complained of in this instance was 'not cognizable by a court of law,' and 'could not be considered a breach of military discipline,' and nevertheless the military authorities were prepared to grant a court-martial if the officers implicated had not preferred the offered alternative of retiring from the service."

The duke, in reply, referred to the drivelling letter above quoted, and declined any further correspondence.

The Duke of York, we are sure, would have come to a very different conclusion. He would not have allowed a charge of falsehood to rest upon one of two officers without clearing it up one way or the other, and either disproving it or relieving the service of the officer who had brought disgrace on it.

The doctrine that a charge of falsehood does not come under the class of offences against discipline, in behavior unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman, has been reserved for the Duke of Wellington's advanced age. The boast of an intrigue may be licensed in the new chivalry of the army, but that is not all in this case; the alleged boaster denies the boast, and he and the brother officer who so reported him are left most awkwardly at issue as to a matter of fact. The question to be answered, as Mr. Barker has shown, is, has Sir W. Russell slandered Captain Sutton, or has Captain Sutton in effect slandered Sir W. Russell, by denying words which the other truly asserted he had uttered? Is it for the credit and honor of the service that such questions as these should remain unanswered?

\* In the statement sent to the commander-in-chief the names and regiments are given.

# PORCELAIN PAINTING.

Mrs. M'IAN has given a report to the Council of the Government School of Design, of a journey undertaken by her to Paris, and to the Staffordshire Potteries, during which she inspected the processes of porcelain painting at the different manufactories; the result of her comparison of the artists of the two countries is by no means unfavorable to English ability.

At Messrs. Copeland's manufactory, in Staffordshire, more especially, she saw specimens of flower painting in porcelain, equal to the best productions at Sèvres, where that branch is most admirably executed. This, she remarks, implies, in the English artist, a much greater degree of merit, because he has been wholly unassisted; development of talent being left to individual energy and perseverance; whilst in France he has had the advantage of systematic and special training for the employment, and the emulating patronage of a royal manufactory, munificently supported by the government.

The colors used by the French, she observes, are superior to those of the English; for flesh tints, they have reds and yellows, that will mix and burn together, which, with the colors used in our potteries, is chemically impossible; the media made use of by the French are also superior. In neither country is there any attempt at originality in design, the artistical labor consisting in a continual process of copying. Mrs. M'ian thinks that if, in the Female School at Somerset House, a class was formed for studying the art of painting porcelain in a superior manner, the more skilful pupils would find employment at their own homes, as the manufacturers would be happy to transmit to them work for execution.

From the Examiner, 17 May.

## AMERICAN DESIGNS REGARDING OREGON.

MR. CALHOUN, after having recapitulated the history of the Oregon negotiations, asks—

"Has the time arrived when it would be wise and prudent for us to attempt to assert and maintain our exclusive right to the territory against the adverse and conflicting claim of Great Britain? I answer—No, it has not; and that for the decisive reason, because the attempt, if made, must prove unsuccessful against the resistance of Great Britain. We could neither take nor hold it against her; and that for a reason not less decisive—that she could in a much shorter time, and at far less expense, concentrate a far greater force than we could in the territory. We seem to forget, in the discussion of this subject, the great events which have occurred in the eastern portion of Asia during the last year, and which have so greatly extended the power of Great Britain in that quarter of the globe. She has there, in that period, terminated successfully two wars; by one of which she has given increased quiet and stability to her possessions in India; and by the other, has firmly planted her power on the eastern coast of China, where she will undoubtedly keep up, at least for a time, a strong military and naval force, for the purpose of intimidation and strengthening her newly-acquired possession. The point she occupies there, on the western shore of the Pacific, is almost directly opposite to the Oregon territory, at the distance of about 5,500 miles from the mouth of Columbia river, with a tranquil



ocean between, which may be passed over in six weeks. In that short time she might place, at a moderate expense, a strong naval and military force at the mouth of that river, where a formidable body of men, as hardy and energetic as any on this continent, in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, and numerous tribes of Indians under its control, could be prepared to sustain and coöperate with it. Such is the facility with which she could concentrate a force there to maintain her claim to the territory against ours, should they be brought into collision by this bill. I now turn to examine our means of concentrating an opposing force by land and water, should it become necessary to maintain our claim. We have no military or naval position in the Pacific Ocean. Our fleet would have to sail from our own shores, and would have to cross the line and double Cape Horn in 56 degrees of south latitude; and turning north, recross the line, and ascend to latitude 46 north, in order to reach the mouth of Columbia river—a distance from New York (over the straightest and shortest line) of more than 13,000 miles, and which would require a run of more than 18,000 miles of actual sailing on the usual route. Instead of six weeks, the voyage would require six months. I speak on the authority of one of the most experienced officers attached to the Navy Department. These facts are decisive. We could do nothing by water. As far as that element is concerned, we could not oppose to her a gun or a soldier in the territory. But, as great as are the impediments by water, they are, at present, not much less so by land. If we assume some central point in the State of Missouri as the place of rendezvous, from which our military force would commence its march for the territory, the distance to the mouth of the Columbia river will be about 2,000 miles; of which much more than 1,000 miles would be over an unsettled country consisting of naked plains or mountainous regions, without provisions, except such game as the rifle might supply. On a great portion of this long march the force would be liable to be attacked and harassed by numerous and warlike tribes of Indians, whose hostilities might be readily turned against us by the British traders. To march such a distance without opposition would take upwards of 120 days, assuming the march to be at the usual rate for military forces. Should it be impeded by the hostilities of Indians, the time would be greatly prolonged. I now ask, how could any considerable force sustain itself in so long a march, through a region so destitute of supplies? And how could supplies be found to return, if a retreat should become necessary? A few thousand regulars, advantageously fortified on the Columbia river, with a small naval force to support them, could, with the aid of the men employed by the Hudson Bay Company, and the coöperation of the Indians under its influence, bid defiance to any effort we could make to dislodge them. If all other difficulties could be surmounted, that of transporting a sufficient battering-train, with all its appurtenances, to so great a distance, and over so many obstacles, would be insuperable." After showing that Great Britain would infallibly resist, and that America would have no chance, Mr. Calhoun continues:—"But it may be asked, 'What then? Shall we abandon our claim to the territory?' I answer, 'No.' I am utterly opposed to that. The territory has

commercial advantages, which will in time prove to be great. We must not overlook the important events to which I have alluded as having recently occurred in the eastern portion of Asia. As great as they are, they are but the beginning of a series of a similar character, which must follow at no distant day. What has taken place in China will in a few years be followed in Japan, and all the eastern portions of that continent. Their ports, like the Chinese, will be opened; and the whole of that large portion of Asia, containing nearly half of the population and wealth of the globe, will be thrown open to the commerce of the world, and be placed within the pale of European and American intercourse and civilization. A vast market will be created, and a mighty impulse will be given to commerce. No small portion of the share that would fall to us with this populous and industrious portion of the globe, is destined to pass through the Oregon territory to the valley of the Mississippi, instead of taking the circuitous and long voyage round Cape Horn, or the still longer, round the Cape of Good Hope. It is mainly because I place this high estimate on its prospective value, that I am so solicitous to preserve it, and so adverse to this bill, or any other precipitate measure which might terminate in its loss. If I thought less of its value, or if I regarded our title less clear, my opposition would be less decided."

Mr. Calhoun then goes on to show that the only means by which Oregon can be secured is to bide our time. "All we want," says he, "to effect our object in this, is *wise and masterly inactivity*."

From the Congregational Magazine.

#### AND IS THERE CARE IN HEAVEN?

"And is there care in heaven? and is there love  
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base?"—SPENSER.

Oh that this palled but hungry soul, could find  
That bread of life which stays the fainting mind,  
Drink of that living spring whose waters flow,  
At once to cleanse the heart and heal its woe;  
Or catch some kindly voice, whose cheering sway  
Might wake this palsied will to soar away,  
Trusting no more its refuges of lies,  
Touched by a power descending from the skies,  
In showers as gentle as the summer dew  
That dropt on Hermon, and as copious too.

Oh! to launch forth from earth's perplexing dream;  
Oh! for a draught of that immortal stream,  
Which, redolent of heaven transports us there,  
And on its crystal wave makes haste to bear  
The sympathies of angels back to men,  
And raise the spirit from the dust again!  
Are they not ministers who day and night  
Stand round the throne in robes of spotless white?  
And all the care these bending myriads know,  
Lives it not only for this world below?  
And thrills there not even in this widowed breast,  
A chord in tune with those which never rest,  
Cold though it be, and impotent to raise  
Its voiceless breathings in the Father's praise?

Yes there are cares and sympathies above;  
And earth, the wedded of those realms of love,  
Partakes the glory, and reflects the bliss,  
When that world's fulness overflows on this.

From the Spectator.

## MAYNOOTH: A VOICE FROM THE PAST.

THE Protestant Gathering, in the course of their church-militant agitation, have concocted a circular in support of "our common Protestantism," which bears the respectable signature of their chairman, Sir Culling Eardley Smith, and has been freely addressed in all directions. Unluckily, as it turns out, one of these letters-missive was sent to the Very Reverend Heneage Horsley, the son of that Bishop Horsley whose "mighty spear," in the words of Gibbon, "has repeatedly pierced the Socinian shield of Priestley;" whose labors in the cause of biblical literature show that to zeal he united knowledge, (which is not always the case;) and whose Toryism, or rather whose resistance to unconstitutional change in church or state, is well known. A short residence in Ireland, added to other opportunities has convinced Mr. Heneage Horsley that "there are but two ways by which the Irish church can be preserved: the one is, by acts of conciliation, similar to the one now pending in Parliament; the other, by holding Ireland as a conquered province; to accomplish which, it will be necessary to maintain constantly within her borders a standing army of not less than 60,000 men." Mr. Horsley, therefore, could not go along with the views of the exclusive Protestants of Exeter Hall and the Crown and Anchor; and having, a year or two ago, before this Maynooth extension was thought of, explained his opinion to the Archbishop of Dublin, he did not feel inclined to submit to the imputation of a want of Protestant principle, which the Crown and Anchor circular imputes to those who refuse to admit the infallibility of the self-elected holinesses. Instead, however, of putting forward his own arguments, Mr. Horsley, in a short pamphlet before us,\* falls back upon his father; and shows, by extracts from his speeches in the house of lords, from 1791 to his death, that, *fifty years ago*, Bishop Horsley was prepared to advance further than Sir Robert Peel is even now—that, besides advocating the abolition of the penal laws to the extent of Catholic emancipation, he was really prepared to recognize the Pope, and pay the Roman clergy. These extracts are interesting for their vigorous and manly style; but still more curious for their suggestions. How slow is the progress of opinion and "the march of mind!" Half a century ago, all the great political leaders of every party—Pitt, Fox, Burke, Grenville—were anxious to concede Catholic emancipation, to endow the priests, (if paying them is endowment,) and to open up diplomatic relations with Rome; whilst one of the most eminent prelates and stoutest champions of the established church was willing to march with them *pari passu*. Now, a miserable addition of 17,000*l.* a year is denounced as "destructive," and "damnable," and certain to draw down the direct vengeance of Heaven upon the whole country by those who take upon themselves to

"Deal damnation round the land."

Yet as a matter of principle, it is impossible to

\* "A Letter from the Very Reverend Heneage Horsley, to Sir Culling Eardley Smith, Bart., on the subject of the Maynooth Grant; embodying the opinions of the late Bishop Horsley, on the policy and necessity of extending measures of legislative relief to the Roman Catholics." Published by Longman and Co.

suppose that such a Protestant monarch as George the Third would ever have permitted the original establishment of Maynooth, could the most lynx-eyed bigotry, in a state of reason, have detected Romanism in it: and with respect to amount, a large addition might be claimed as a mere matter of bargain, from the increase in prices, the more expensive, the *genteeler* style of living among the middle classes, and, greater than all, the effect which our improved and improving modes of locomotion have had in equalizing prices between the capital and the provinces. All things considered, it is probable that 1,000*l.* a year, in Ireland in the last century, was equal in real value to at least 2,000*l.* now.

There is more of Bishop Horsley than of his son in this letter to Sir Culling; the writer's own arguments are chiefly incidental or subordinate. Two points, however, are so well put—the talk about the uselessness of "conciliation," and the fact of the state of Maynooth (denied by some Protestant orator)—that we will quote them for the benefit of Sir Robert Inglis and the rest, who will come up on Monday like giants refreshed to oppose the third reading.

"I have heard it frequently asked, in the course of my last visits, and more than once in the four days I have now been here [in Dublin]—what is the use of *conciliation*? what benefit is to be expected from it? what good has it as yet effected? CONCIILIATION, sir! why, this is surely mockery. Does anything which the British parliament has as yet done to improve the condition of the Roman Catholics in Ireland, when the manner of the doing of it, and the delay in the doing of it, are taken into consideration, deserve the name? The old adage, '*Bis dat qui cito dat*,' is in no instance of greater force and verity than when applied to cases of legislative grace and favor. When conferred *promptly, cheerfully, and freely*, they do win the hearts and affections of those on whom they are conferred; but when wrung from an unwilling senate by *fear and apprehension*, they are totally valueless. Where, in the name of all that is equitable and just, has been the '*cito*,' in the alleviatory dealings of England with Ireland?

"I remember well the period of the union. I was then at an age when the discussion of such topics of exciting interest by men of powerful minds, as those topics were that were connected with that measure, leave a lasting impression on the mind. It was my good fortune frequently to hear such discussions, at the table of my father, of Lord Thurlow, of Mr. Windham, of Sir John Cox Hipplesley. On all these occasions, and on several others of a similar kind, I heard it averred again and again, that one of the most powerful inducements employed to reconcile the Irish people to the union, was an *explicit promise* given by the then rulers of the country, that emancipation, or in other words the repeal of the penal laws, should follow '*hard upon*.' Was a delay of nine-and-twenty years a following hard upon? No wonder, sir, that hope so long deferred made the hearts of the Roman Catholics sick. No wonder that a people should fret and groan, and become clamorous, unruly, and turbulent, under such long-procrastinated justice. Then again, this silly—for silly it really is—Protestant agitation, and revival of the absurd 'No-Popery' cry about Maynooth!! Sir Culling, I have visited the establishment there. Two years ago, I narrowly inspected all its miserable, and wretched, and destitute, and, I

will add, (I mean no offence, for it must be the poverty of its means and not the will of its directors that consents,) its *dirty*, and *nasty*, and *filthy* economy; and I confess, sir, I blushed for the meanness of my countrymen, that can dignify the paltry pittance their government at present doles out to the institution, with the title of an act of bounty to the Irish Roman Catholic church.

"No, sir; such acts of bounty and conciliation will effect nothing. They must be of a different character: more in number, and more promptly (or they will come too late) and more cheerfully rendered: and even then it will take time to soften down and entirely extinguish the asperities and bitterness of feeling which a long train of injury and oppression have engendered. But, under God, time will extinguish them."

From the Spectator.

#### SIDNEY'S LIFE OF LORD HILL.

THE late Commander of the Forces was rather a good lieutenant than a great captain. His orderly habits and his kindness of heart made him an excellent administrator; for his influence extended not merely to material but to moral results. His military skill, his courage, and experience, rendered him a successful subordinate, as his prudence made him a safe commander: nor was he devoid of daring conception and "warlike wiles" in secondary affairs. But he was too merely a soldier ever to have been a great chief; who must have a large portion of the statesman in his capacity, to plan his campaigns with a view to ultimate effects, to render his victories resultful, and his defeats only a *pro tanto* loss, not entire destruction. As far as fighting goes, mere soldiers may often fight battles not less skilful, and much bloodier, than the Marlboroughs, Bonapartes, or Wellingtons; but the "be-all and end-all" is so many killed, wounded, and missing. The operations do not, like Blenheim or Ramilies, Marengo or Montenotte and its suite, the passage of the Douro or Torres Vedras, (without fighting at all,) clear a country of the enemy. Lord Hill wanted this larger power; for although it may be said that he had no opportunity of displaying his qualities as a commander, it is tolerably certain that he could not seize them when working out before his eyes. It seems clear from his letters when he was with the army in the Peninsula, that he had not a glimpse of the strategy of his chief, but thought that the occupation of Portugal was dependent on what a day might bring forth.

In justice, however, to this worthy English gentleman, it should be said that he made no pretensions to be chief or politician, but had the good sense to refuse office in either capacity. In 1827, the command of the Forces in India was offered him, but declined, partly on account of his health. He was twice offered the Ordnance: and the last time he gave his reasons for refusing the Master-ship, in a letter to the premier, Lord Goderich.

"My feelings of gratitude," he said, "for so marked a proof of his Majesty's gracious favor, are, if possible, increased by the very flattering terms in which your lordship has been pleased to address me on the subject. It will probably be in your recollection, that when offered the Lieutenant-Generalship of the Ordnance some years ago by my friend the Duke of Wellington, I assigned the following reasons for declining it—namely,

that I had never been accustomed to office duty; that I feared I should ill perform the services required of me; and that a permanent residence in town would most materially affect my health.

"As these objections still remain in full force, it would be inconsistent in me to accept an appointment of so much greater importance, the duties of which I am informed are not confined to the military profession alone, but are intimately connected with the financial expenditure of the country."

But if not a very great, Lord Hill was a very good man. In boyhood his tenderness of disposition had been so remarkable, that his old school-mistress could not afterwards believe that Hill was conspicuous in the bloody battles of which the newspapers were full; and the same kindness of feeling attended him through life, except when professional duty interfered. His domestic affections were strong, and equally permanent: the same may be said of the simplicity of his tastes. During the most bustling period of the Peninsular war, and in the height of his greatness as commander-in-chief, his letters to his family are full of home affections, and home reminiscences of dogs, plants, field-sports, and neighbors. The love of gardening and rural improvements stuck to him to the last; and a short time before his death, in his last letter, he is full of a pond he appears to have been draining.

The family of the Hills, though unennobled, was old and respectable—one of that "Old English gentleman" class which is perhaps peculiar to England, and has strongly operated upon the national mind. This, in fact, was the character of the general himself; and, according to one of his officers, his appearance greatly influenced the rustic recruits, he looked so much like a country gentleman in regimentals; whilst serious soldiers from the towns looked up to him for his relationship to the Reverend Rowland Hill—whose fame, good man, is dying away. His mind was as much affected by his real status as his appearance. He had none of the genius of the adventurer, and none of his vices, or pretence, or littleness. A dutiful loyalty to the crown was an impulse of his nature; but beyond this, he seems to have looked upon life with a philosophic eye—weighing wealth, rank, and fashion, as extrinsic circumstances, and taking his own advancement very quietly, as something that came to him in return for services, and to which he was entitled, but not as a thing that had changed him. Nor, in truth, did it seem to have enlarged his comprehension: his range might expand with his elevation, but his style of considering things was much the same.

There is nothing very striking in the life of Lord Hill beyond what is known from the Gazette. He was born in 1772; and having chosen the army for his profession, was sent to a military academy at Strasburg. He was appointed to an ensigncy in March, 1791; and in 1800 had attained the rank of colonel, through luck, interest, and strict attention to his duties, conjoined with his services at Toulon. He subsequently served in Egypt and Ireland; went with the absurd expedition to the Weser; was with Moore during the Coruna campaign; embarked with Wellington on the first expedition to Portugal; served throughout the whole of the Peninsular war; and commanded the army in the Netherlands during the Hundred Days, till Wellington's arrival from Vienna. In 1828 he was appointed to the office



of commander-in-chief; he resigned it from failing health in August, 1843; and died in the following December.

The volume which gives the narrative of Lord Hill's life is not so overdone as many late biographies; but it is not a very striking or skilful production: being impeded by reflections, and interrupted by needless remarks upon the original materials the author is using. We suspect the hero had better have been allowed to tell more of his own story, by means of his correspondence, and the journal or memorandums of his life that he was in the habit of keeping, and which are used by bits in the volume before us. The true function in Lord Hill's case was an arranging editor rather than a compiling biographer: for the real value of the work consists in its anecdotes and letters, which require little more than telling or explaining. Many of these are interesting from their domestic character, or from the persons and events to which they relate. We will take our extracts from the latter class. The following letter from the Duke of Wellington exhibits the duke's way of offering a loan, Hill's father having got involved in difficulties. The offer is handsome, liberal, and business-like; settled at once, without any necessity for further discussion.

"Paris, 20th Feb., 1816.

"My dear Hill—I received only yesterday evening your letter of the 16th; and I am very much concerned for the unfortunate circumstances which have occasioned the necessity for your return to England. I consent to it, as well as to that of Sir Noel. Let him apply through the official channel; but he need not wait for the answer.

"In the existing state of public and private credit in England, I am apprehensive that you will find it difficult to procure the money which you will require. I have a large sum of money which is entirely at my command; and I assure you that I could not apply it in a manner more satisfactory to me than in accommodating you, my dear Hill, to whom I am under so many obligations, and your father, for whom I entertain the highest respect, although I am not acquainted with him. I trust, therefore, that if you should experience the difficulty which I expect you will in finding money to settle the disagreeable concern in which your family is involved, you will let me know it, and I will immediately put my man of business in London in communication with yours, in order to apply it to you. Ever yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

There is another letter in reply to one from Hill, who had had an application from some common friend for papers for Southey's history of the Peninsular war. The duke had observed the laureate's leaning to the Spanish patriots; who were such objects of admiration thirty or forty years ago to those who knew nothing about them. It also conveys his idea of what a *true* history ought to be.

"London, 25th October, 1821.

"My dear Hill—I have received your letter; and sincerely congratulate you upon the success of your nephew, [in his election,] and this fresh instance of the deserved respect in which you and your family are held in the county of Salop.

"In respect to Mr. Southey, I have heard in the whole that he was writing a history of the war in the Peninsula; but I have never received an application from him, either directly or indirectly, for

information on the subject. If I had received such an application, I would have told him what I have told others, that the subject was too serious to be trifled with; for that if any real authenticated history of that war by an author worthy of writing it were given, it ought to convey to the public the real truth, and ought to show what nations really did when they put themselves in the situation the Spanish and Portuguese nations had placed themselves; and that I would give information and materials to no author who would not undertake to write upon that principle. I think, however, that the period of the war is too near; and the character and reputation of nations, as well as individuals, are too much involved in the description of these questions for me to recommend, or even encourage, any author to write such a history as some, I [fear,] would encourage at the present moment.

"This is my opinion upon the subject in general; and I should have conveyed it to Mr. Southey, if he and his friends had applied to me.

"In respect to your reference to me, I receive it, as everything that comes from you, as a mark of your kind attention to me. Unless you approve of the principle which I have above stated, there is nothing to prevent you from giving Mr. Southey any information you please. But I should wish you not to give him any original papers from me, as that would be, in fact, to involve me in his work without attaining the object which I have in view, which is a *true* history.

"Believe me, ever yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

From some passages in the volume it would seem that William the Fourth stuck closer by the reform bill than some at the time supposed him to have done, and took upon himself a canvass which rather belonged to the premier, one would think.

"The position of affairs at the period of the reform bill greatly tried him. No slight honor is due to his memory from his own political party, for the way in which he maintained his independence in office at that time. Not only did he remain firm under the difficulties of being opposed to the government, but he was unmoved by the intimation of the king himself, his kind and indulgent master, that his majesty wished him to vote for the bill. 'Sir H. T.,' he says in his memoranda, 'communicated to me H. M.'s wish that I should vote for the second reading of the reform bill. I gave no reply; but said I would consider the subject.'

"When the bill was again brought forward in the house of lords, the following conversation took place between his majesty and Lord Hill. I give it from his lordship's own notes. 'The king sent me a note desiring my attendance at the palace. His majesty, after speaking on the subject of the college, said, the discussion on the reform bill was about to be again brought forward in the house of lords; and that he could not but wish that it should go into committee, which would show the country that the lords were not averse to some reform, and might make alterations when in committee. In consequence of what Sir H. Taylor said to me on this subject about a fortnight ago, and from the manner in which the king spoke to me, I felt that he expected me to state my sentiments and intentions. I therefore told his majesty, that on the last occasion I had acted in a way which I understood was satisfactory to him, namely, by not voting at all; that I still entertained the same objection to the bill; and that, according to

my present feelings, I could not vote for the second reading of the bill when it was brought forward again. Such, I assured his majesty, were my conscientious feelings; and I added, that if I were to act contrary to them and to my known declarations, I should so lower myself in the eyes of the world and the army, that I should not be able to render service to his majesty or the country. The king said, he could understand my feelings, and that every one had a right to have his own: he had his. His majesty appeared kind, and not angry, but perhaps was not pleased. On my saying that I wished I had not a seat in parliament as long as I was at the head of the army, he replied, "But as you have one, you cannot give it up, or must attend it," or something to this effect."

Here is another occasion of Hill's opposing royalty.

#### WHO WAS THIS?

In one of his memoranda there is the following note of an audience with the king, which proves the truth of this assertion, and is most honorable to his lordship's royal master. "In consequence of a letter in the king's own hand this day, respecting ———, I saw his majesty, who said he was positively decided that ——— should be ———; upon which I remarked, that if such were his majesty's commands, they should be obeyed; but, as commanding the army, I felt it my duty to say that it would create great dissatisfaction, and that I entreated his majesty to consider the subject well before he came to such a final conclusion. The king very kindly said, it was my duty to point out to him all objections on the present occasion: he would not press the question." Lord Hill went directly to the officer alluded to, related the whole affair, and added, "I assure you it was all my doing."

#### MAYORAL MISTAKE.

His good-humored way of taking everything will be seen in a note he sent to the lord mayor and lady mayoress, on their inviting Lord and Lady Hill to a banquet at the mansion-house—"Lord Hill presents his compliments to the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, and begs to acquaint them that as he has not the good fortune to be married, he cannot have the honor of presenting Lady Hill at the mansion-house on Thursday the 20th inst. Horse Guards, 15th January, 1831."

Waterloo is a well-worn subject, yet always fresh. The following extract from a memorandum by Sir Digby Mackworth, written in the early morning after the action, whilst the rest of the staff were asleep, describes the last charge with more accuracy and reality (notwithstanding a dash of fine writing) than any account we have read. The result of the fire upon the French column is painted more naturally, as working by "wit, not by witchcraft."

"About six o'clock we saw heavy columns of infantry supported by dragoons returning for a fresh attack. It was evident it would be a desperate, and we thought probably a decisive one. Every one felt how much depended on this terrible moment. A black mass of the Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, with music playing and the great Napoleon at their head, came rolling onward from the farm of La Belle Alliance. With rapid pace they descended. Those spaces in our lines which death had opened and left vacant were covered with bodies of cavalry. The point at which

the enemy aimed was now evident; it was an angle formed by a brigade of guards and the light brigade of Lord Hill's corps. Lord Hill was there in person. The French moved on with arms sloped, *au pas de charge*. They began to ascend the hill. In a few seconds they were within a hundred paces of us; and as yet not a shot had been fired. The awful moment was now at hand. A peal of ten thousand thunders burst at once on their devoted heads. The storm swept them down as a whirlwind which rushes over the ripe corn: they paused—their advance ceased—they commenced firing from the heads of their columns, and attempted to extend their front: but death had already caused too much confusion among them—they crowded instinctively behind each other to avoid a fire which was intolerably dreadful. Still they stood firm—'*la garde meurt, et ne se rend pas.*' For half an hour this horrible butchery continued. At last, seeing all their efforts vain, all their courage useless, deserted by their emperor, who was already flown, unsupported by their comrades who were already beaten, the hitherto invincible old guard gave way, and fled in every direction. One spontaneous and almost painfully animated 'Hurrah!' burst from the victorious ranks of England. The line at once advanced, generals, officers, soldiers, all partaking in one common enthusiasm."

#### THE NIGHT AFTER WATERLOO.

When the tremendous day was over, Lord Hill and his staff again reoccupied the little cottage they left in the morning. His two gallant brothers, Sir Robert Hill and Colonel Clement Hill, had been removed wounded to Brussels: the party was, nevertheless, nine in number. A soup made by Lord Hill's servant from two fowls was all their refreshment, after hours of desperate fighting without a morsel of food. Lord Hill himself was bruised and full of pain. All night long, the groans and shrieks of sufferers were the chief sounds that met their ears. It was to them all a night of the greatest misery. The men whom the nations of Europe were about to welcome with acclamations, and to entertain in palaces, could only exchange sigh for sigh with each other in a wretched cottage.

#### EXACT TIME.

In reading the various accounts of this battle, it is curious to observe the discrepancies as to the time it commenced. Lord Hill has, however, settled this point. On arriving in London the autumn after the conflict, he passed his first evening at the house of his friend Lord Teignmouth. "Can you tell me," said Lord Teignmouth, "at what time the action commenced?" Lord Hill replied, "I took two watches into action with me. On consulting my stop-watch after the battle was over, I found that the first gun was fired at ten minutes before twelve."

The fifteenth meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science will be held at Cambridge, commencing on Thursday, 19th June. The time was fixed thus early in order to suit the "Commencement," which brings a large concourse to the university. The great feature of the ensuing session will be a congress of the observers at the different magnetical observatories stationed throughout Europe. Sir John Herschell is the president for the present year.

From the North British Review, [the organ of the Free Church of Scotland.]

*Des Sciences Occultes, ou Essai sur la Magie, les Prodiges, et les Miracles.* Par EUSEBE SALVERTE. Paris, 1820. 2 Vols. 8vo.

THE appearance of a work on the Occult Sciences is almost as great a deviation from the ordinary routine of our literature, as any of the prodigies which it unfolds is from the recognized laws of the material world; and did we not know how little interest is aroused by any volume which bears the proscribed name of science, we should have expressed our surprise that a work so well written, and on a subject so popular and exciting, should have existed for fifteen years without being either translated into our language, or submitted to the processes of criticism or analysis. Had our author been a conjurer who dealt in wonders, he would have gathered round him a numerous and an eager ring; but as a scholar and a philosopher he has attracted few disciples, and in an age oscillating between utilitarianism and frivolity, his genius and learning have failed to command that applause which they so justly deserve.

There are, however, other causes which may account for the indifference with which this work has been received. More familiar with literary than with scientific inquiries, M. Salverte is less successful than he might have been in referring to natural causes the various illusions and prodigies which pass in review before him; and, though we rise from the perusal of his learned and ingenious details with a certain gratification of our curiosity, it is seldom with the conviction that we have obtained a clear and satisfying explanation of the mysteries which they involve. His decisions, indeed, even when he himself confides in them, fail to inspire confidence in the reader; and in discussions of so peculiar a character, where the mind has to pass from the excitement of an apparently supernatural event to the calm repose of a truth in science, we require the prestige of a name to accomplish the transition. Nor is it a defect of a minor kind, or one less injurious to the popularity of the work, that in selecting his materials he has not confined himself to that wide and productive field which constitutes the legitimate domain of the occult philosophy. The records of divine truth are presented to us under the same phase as those of civil history; and the miracles of the Old and New Testament are submitted to as rigorous an analysis as the legends and prodigies of the ancient mythology. This unseemly blending of the sacred with the profane is distasteful even to the less serious inquirer; and the Christian, though he asks no immunity for his creed from the fair scrutiny of human wisdom, would yet desire to throw the veil of faith over its holier events and its deeper mysteries, and protect from an unhallowed paraphrase what transcends reason, and must ever spurn the inquisition of philosophy. M. Salverte was led to study the nature and object of the Occult Sciences as the subject of a chapter in a larger work which he contemplated, on *The History of Civilization from the Earliest Historic Times to the End of the Eighteenth Century*, but his materials accumulated to such a degree that he was induced to give them separately to the world. So early as 1813, the introduction to his principal work appeared at Paris, and in 1817 he published in the *Esprit des*

*Journaux* for July—a periodical printed at Brussels—the general principles of the work before us, and many of the facts and arguments upon which they rest.\*

In tracing the origin and progress of science, we find that the earliest vestiges of knowledge were the cherished possessions of priests and kings; and it was doubtless by their agency that barbarous and untractable communities were first subjected to the restraints and discipline of law. To the ignorant observer of nature everything beyond the range of his daily notice is an object of wonder. The phenomena of the material universe, which have no periodical recurrence, assume the character of supernatural events, and every process in art, and every combination in science, become valuable agents, at first of government and at last of civilization. Thus early did knowledge become power—not what it now is—a physical agent enslaving and controlling the elements for the benefit of man—but a moral sceptre wielded over his crouching mind, acting upon his hopes and his fears, and subjugating him to the will either of a benefactor or a tyrant.

Nor was this sovereignty of a local nature, originating in the ignorance and docility of any particular race, and established by the wisdom and cunning of any individual tyrant. It existed wherever the supremacy of law was established, and was indeed a spurious theocracy, in which the priest and the king appeared as the viceregents of Heaven, displaying as their credentials a series of miracles and prodigies which deceived the senses and overawed the judgment of the vulgar. In this manner did the rod of the conjurer become the sceptre of the king, and the facts and deductions of science his statute-book; and thus did man, the creature of hope and fear, believe, and tremble, and obey.

A system of imposture thus universal in its reception, and having its origin in the strongest principles of our nature, was not likely to suffer any change, either in its form or its character, amid the turbulence of civil broils or the desolations of foreign conquest. Our passion for the marvellous, indeed, and our reliance on supernatural interference, increase with impending danger, and the agitated mind seeks with a keener anxiety to penetrate into the future. Hence is the skill of the sorcerer more eagerly invoked "when coming events are casting their shadows before;" and whether our curiosity be indulged or disappointed, or our fears rebuked or allayed, our faith in the supernatural acquires new intensity by its exercise. Nor were the evils of such a system abated by the advancement of civilization and knowledge. Every discovery in science became a new link in the chain which bound the intellectual slave, and in the moral tariff of antiquity, knowledge was the article of contraband, which, though denied to the people, never failed to find its way into the bonded crypts of the sanctuary. The lights of science were thus placed under a bushel, and skilfully projected from its spectral apertures to dazzle and confound the vulgar.

In this manner did the powers of science and the sanctities of idolatry exercise a long and fatal sway over the nations of the world; and when Christianity had extended itself widely throughout Europe, and had lost the simplicity and purity

\* This Memoir is entitled, *Essai sur la Magie, les Prodiges, et les Miracles.*



of its early days, there sprung up from its holiest mysteries a system of imposture hostile to the progress of truth, and not less fatal to the spiritual advancement of man than that which prevailed among heathen nations. Though the instruments of delusion were changed, the system remained the same; truth and fable entered in definite proportions into the legends of the church;—the lying miracles of saints, the incantations of the necromancer, and the presumptuous forgeries of the alchemist, deluded the Christian world for many centuries, and in place of having lost their influence they have been embalmed amid the civilization of modern times. Under this system the spiritual element obtained the ascendancy, and powerful and haughty kings laid their willing necks beneath the feet of the bishop of Rome. But in modern Europe the church has become the slave of the state—the sovereign as its spiritual head has usurped the powers of the Roman pontiff, and in retaliation for the wrong, the humblest depository of episcopal ordination lays claim to a supernatural influence which neither his guilt nor his ignorance can paralyze. The priest of lying oracles, who forged the responses of his God, and the clerical charlatan of the middle ages who pretended to rouse the dead from the recesses of the tomb, were less guilty in their imposture than the educated and unregenerated priest of our own day, who attributes to his unclean hands the renovating influence of the baptismal element, or than the godless bishop who pretends to give the Holy Spirit to some blaspheming and unconverted aspirant.

But it is not among ecclesiastical functions only that this love of the supernatural has uprisen with such fearful luxuriance—the pursuits of laymen have been marked with the same extravagances of pretension, and with even a higher demand upon our faith. The Morpheus of the present day, be he the weakest or the wickedest of our race, can distil from his moving fingers the soporific influence, and obtain possession of the mental and corporeal will of his sleeping Aleyone. At his bidding the red current hurries along the stiffened arteries; over the enslaved limbs supervenes the rigor of death; new senses arise; the patient sees where there is no eye, and hears where there is no ear;—nay, he tastes with the palate of his master, moves with his muscles, and thinks with his faculties. Thus have we reproduced the Siamese twins, united, not by a muscular, but by a spiritual ligament. But in this illicit commerce of sensations the magician is subject to an unequal tariff. After he has imparted his tastes and his thoughts to the sleeping partner of the firm, he receives nothing in return; and, so singular is the character of his generosity, that he gives what he does not himself possess, and what he has not even taken from another. The patient discovers the seat and nature of his own diseases, though the sorcerer be no physician; he compounds drugs for their cure, though he be no apothecary; and he predicts future events, though he be no prophet. To these gifts he adds the highest privileges of our suffering nature—an immunity from pain! The executioner might break him on the wheel without the sensation of a strain; and a mesmerized Antonio might give to the Jew his pound of flesh without feeling the inroad upon his skin.

Had such theories stopped here, and occupied merely isolated positions in the intellectual field,

some advantage might have been gained from the antagonism of their errors, and time and reason might have slowly and quietly dislodged them. But they have entered into a fearful covenant, the consequences of which have neither been foreseen by its friends, nor detected by its enemies. The centaur of Phreno-Mesmerism has been its monster offspring, and unless some Theseus, with his Lapithæ, shall drive it into exile, *Materialism*, and its kindred heresies, will have a speedy triumph.

Whatever may be the truth of the theory, it is yet consistent with the soul's immateriality, that the mind, acting through material organs, may exercise higher and lower functions in proportion to the form and magnitude of its instruments, and it is equally consistent with the same cardinal truth, that the senses may be quickened, and impeded functions restored during certain states of sleep; but if it be true that the mechanical pressure of a human finger upon an inch of human cuticle, propagated, it may be, through an inch of subjacent bone, and impressed upon an inch of the mental organ—if it be true that such a pressure can excite emotions of piety, and evoke sentiments of devotion, thus summoning into active exercise the noblest functions of the soul, then is that soul but an aggregate of dust—a solid of kneaded clay, which shall die at man's death, and crumble at his decay.

In a country where wonders like these are exhibited to enlightened audiences, and received with faith even by the most sceptical, it may not be uninteresting to take a rapid view of the Occult Sciences of ancient times—to survey the apparently miraculous in nature, and the seemingly supernatural in art—to separate the prodigies which science and ocular evidence have established, from the phantoms which ignorance has created—and to impress upon the young or the unsettled mind the irrefragable truth, that if among the arrangements of the physical world, and under the laws by which Providence directs man's sublunary concerns, there are phenomena and results which transcend our faith and our intelligence, there must be also in the coëxisting spiritual world, which is to survive our preparatory state, events and laws which, though they transcend human reason, may yet be established by human testimony, and which, though foolishness to the wise, are yet wisdom to the simple.

After pointing out, in his first chapter, the interest which attaches to the mysteries and magic of the ancients, M. Salverte directs our attention to the motives which give credibility to miraculous recitals. These motives he finds in the number and accordance of the recitals themselves, and in the confidence which we can place in the observers and witnesses, and likewise in the possibility of eliminating what is marvellous by discovering the principal causes which give to a natural fact a supernatural character; and, in the discussion of these topics, instead of exhibiting any sceptical tendency, he evinces an extent of faith which some of our readers may regard as bordering even on the credulous.

"Wherever," says he, "a religious revelation does not overpower the judgment, what motives of credibility can make a judicious mind admit the existence of prodigies or magical works? The doctrine of probabilities will serve for our guide. That a man is deceived by appearances more or less specious, or that he seeks to deceive us if he

has an interest in doing it, is much more probable than the accuracy of a recital which involves in it anything marvellous. But if at different times and in different places several men have seen the same thing or things similar, and if their recitals are numerous and accordant with each other, their improbability diminishes, and may ultimately disappear. Is it credible that, in the year 197 of our era, a shower of *quicksilver*\* fell at Rome in the Forum of Augustus? Dion Cassius did not see it fall, but he saw it immediately after it fell. He collected drops of it, and by rubbing them on a piece of copper, he gave it the appearance of silver, which, he says, it retained three whole days. Notwithstanding his positive testimony, and notwithstanding the tradition reported by Glycas, according to which the same event took place in the reign of Aurelian, this wonder is too strange to be admitted in the present day. Must we therefore absolutely reject it? The impossible, says one, is never probable—surely not; but can we assign the limits of the possible; let us examine—let us doubt—but let us not hasten to deny. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the most distinguished of the French Savans, a few days after they had rejected, with some severity, an account of a shower of aerolites, (meteoric stones,) were compelled not only to acknowledge the existence but the frequent occurrence of this phenomenon. If a prodigy similar to that witnessed by Dion, had been reported at different epochs by different writers, and if it had occurred in our own day, and had been seen by skilful observers, it would no longer have been a fable—an illusion, but a phenomenon which, like the fall of aerolites, would take its place in the annals where science consigns facts which it has found to be certain, without pretending to explain them.

"With what disdain, with what ridicule and contempt would we have spurned any ancient author who informed us 'that a woman had a breast in her left thigh with which she suckled her own child and several others.' This phenomenon was actually maintained to be true by the Academy of Sciences at Paris (at the sitting of the 5th June, 1827.) In order to place the fact beyond a doubt, we require only to know the accuracy of the philosopher who observed it, and the strength of the testimonies by which his veracity is confirmed."—*Tom. i.*, p. 11-15.

In support of the sentiment contained in the preceding extract, that we ought to be cautious in denying the prodigies recorded by the ancients, M. Salverte describes a prodigy in our own day, to which he himself bears a secondary testimony, and which, he avers, would have been treated as a fable had it been related by any ancient author.

"On the 27th May, 1819, at four o'clock in the evening, the commune of Grignoncourt, in the arrondissement of Neufchâteau, and department of the Vosges, was desolated by an enormous hail. M. Jacoutot, then and at present (1829) Maire of this commune, collected and melted several hail-stones, weighing nearly half a kilogramme (upwards of 1 lb. avoird.) He found in the centre of each a transparent stone of the color of coffee, and from 14 to 18 millimètres thick (from 6 to 8 tenths of an inch!) larger than a piece of two francs, flat, round, polished, and perforated in the

centre, with a hole which would admit the little finger. Wherever the hail had fallen there were found, when it had melted, many similar stones hitherto unknown in the commune of Grignoncourt. In a procès-verbal, addressed to the sub-prefect of Neufchâteau, M. Jacoutot mentions this extraordinary phenomenon, and on the 26th September he himself gave to two other persons and to myself the above details, which he offered to have attested by all the inhabitants of the commune, and which M. Garnier, Curé of Chatillon sur Saône and Grignoncourt, spontaneously confirmed to me.

"On the banks of the Ognon, a river which runs at the distance of ten or twelve leagues from Grignoncourt, there is seen a great quantity of stones similar to those which have been mentioned, and equally perforated in the middle. Were they also the product of hail charged with aerolites?"—*Tom. ii.*, p. 14, 15, Note.

Now, this story of a shower of transparent coffee-colored stones, embosomed in hail, which is given as an example of an undoubted modern prodigy, is defective in that very condition which M. Salverte considers necessary to command our assent. The phenomenon was never seen in any other place, and by any other persons, and the enveloped stone was not a substance, like quicksilver, known to have a separate existence. A meteoric stone might be projected from the moon, however unlikely such a supposition is, or might be a fragment of a broken planet, or it might be an aggregate of mineral elements, which we know exist in the atmosphere; but a great quantity of circular perforated discs of a polished and transparent mineral, could only have come from a jeweller's shop in the moon, consigned to another jeweller in the atmosphere, who set them in ice for the benefit of the Maire of Grignoncourt. If such quantities of so rare and curious a body not only fell in France, but were gathered on the banks of the Ognon, why did not M. Jacoutot show a single specimen to M. Salverte in 1826, and why do we not find specimens in the different museums in the capital cities of Europe? No mineralogist has described the stone—no chemist has analyzed it, and no devotee has worshipped it.

In the preceding extract, M. Salverte has embodied Mr. Hume's celebrated argument against miracles, which has so long been the mainstay of the sceptic and the infidel; but though he has himself successfully replied to it, yet he has withdrawn from the benefit of his reply those prodigies and miracles which are witnessed by persons whose judgments are influenced by a "religious revelation," and consequently the miracles of the New Testament. For this exclusion he has assigned no reason whatever, and it becomes necessary to remove any erroneous impression which it may have made upon the reader.

When we balance the probability that human testimony may err, against the probability that the operations of nature will continue in their ordinary course, we assume an uniformity in these operations of which we have no clear proof, and a fallibility in human testimony which does not universally characterize it. But if there be such an uniformity in the course of nature, and a continuity in her laws, the laws which govern our moral being are no less uniform. That man is often deceived, and is himself as often a deceiver, is a truth too general to be questioned; but it is just as probable, that the earth will stand still, and day and night

\* Neither Dion nor Glycas call it quicksilver, but the former drops of dew like silver, and the latter drops of silver.

cease, as that a number of simple and intelligent men will concur in giving false witness when their interests and their happiness would be promoted by withholding it. In discussing a question of this kind, we must take the case of a sober and enlightened inquirer, who is called upon to believe a supernatural event upon the testimony of witnesses with whose character he is acquainted. Such an individual, however learned, can have no very overpowering conviction of the uniform course of nature. Whatever be its extent, it must be founded chiefly on his own limited observation. For anything he can understand, the earth, or any other planet, may stand still periodically, to keep its motions in harmony with the rest of the system; and for anything he knows, such an event may have often taken place. Various facts which history records, and events, perhaps within his own knowledge, may concur in giving some degree of probability to the occurrence of such interruptions of the course of nature. The Aurora Borealis, for example, seems to have presented itself to man for the first time within the last 200 years. The masses of meteoric iron in Siberia and in Brazil, must have fallen from the sky since the formation of the soil on which they rest; and in our own day we have seen pestilence tracking its desolating course over the world, and in lines where neither soil nor climate seem to have drawn it, as if it were a catastrophe in which second causes were either inoperative or concealed from our view.

In the records of human evidence, on the contrary, no examples can be found in which concurrent witnesses persisted in a false testimony, which exposed them to insult and persecution, and finally sealed that testimony with their blood. The sober inquirer after truth, therefore, cannot but regard such a species of evidence as an unerring guide, and by appealing to his own mind—which in a case of this kind must be the safest arbiter—he will find that he could not, under such circumstances, persist in a testimony that was false, and will thus arrive at the same truth which he had deduced from history and observation.

With regard to the limitation which M. Salverte has annexed to the admission of miracles, it does not clearly appear whether the "religious revelation" is supposed to influence the testimony of the witnesses, or the mind of the inquirer. If he means the mind of the inquirer, as the phrase of influencing the judgment might lead us to infer, then the limitation is unnecessary, as no person already convinced of the truth of the revelation, and overpowered by its grandeur, would ever think of inquiring farther into its evidence. If he means the testimony of the witnesses, then it is manifest that the ocular evidence of a believing witness, is, in the abstract, equally good with that of a sceptic, and that evidence, too, is corroborated by the consideration, that a witness who is to regulate his conduct by the truths to which he testifies, and on its account to expose himself to obloquy, if not to exile or martyrdom, will exercise, in the examination of it, a double caution.

In his third chapter, M. Salverte proceeds to enumerate and discuss the principal causes which give to a common fact a supernatural character. The simplest of these causes he finds in the illusory appearances of the works of nature themselves, which the imagination of the observer transforms into realities. The river in the valley

of Mount Ida, which every year ran with blood in commemoration of the death of Memnon, who fell in single combat with Achilles, is an example of this species of illusion. This fragment of Grecian fable originated in the more ancient tradition, that the river Adonis, which had its source in Mount Lebanon, was colored annually with the blood of the unfortunate youth who perished by the mortal bite of the wild boar which he pursued. An inhabitant of Byblos observed, that the soil watered by the river, was composed of a red earth, which being dried by the heat, was carried by the wind into the river, and thus communicated to it the color of blood. Among the poetical fictions of Greece, was the transformation into a rock, near the island of Corfu, of the Phœnician vessel which brought back Ulysses into Thrace. Pliny mentions, that a rock in that locality actually had the appearance of a vessel in full sail, and a modern traveller has described this curious resemblance.\* In illustration of this class of illusory phenomena, to which the character of the marvellous has been given, M. Salverte refers to those impressions on the surface of rocks, which so frequently resemble the tracks of living beings. The foot of Buddha is imprinted on Adam's rock in Ceylon, and the impress of Gaudma's foot is revered among the Birmanians. Dr. John Davy conjectures that the one is a work of art, and Colonel Sym regards the other as resembling more a hieroglyphic tablet than a natural phenomenon. The Mussulmans exhibit the impression of Mahomet's head on the walls of a grotto near Medina, and the foot of his camel is sunk in a rock in Palestine. Even in the African desert, in the middle of Soudan, a gigantic impression of the foot of Mahomet's camel, is shown to the traveller. Diodorus Siculus informs us that on a rock near Agrigentum, are to be seen the tracks of the cows which were conducted by Hercules. The legends, however, of Catholic superstition have been more productive than any other, of this species of wonder. The Christian devotee has found on Mount Carmel the mark of the foot of Elias. That of Jesus is repeated four times near his tomb in the vicinity of Nazareth. Near the same village, the Catholic reveres the imprint of the knees of the Virgin Mary, and that of the feet and elbows of our Saviour, and he has even discovered the mark of the last step of the Saviour on earth before his ascension into heaven. Even in modern times, an inhabitant of Charente has recognized upon a rock the impress of the foot of Mary Magdalene;† and the prints of human feet, exquisitely natural, both in their form and position, have been found in our own day in the secondary limestone of the Mississippi valley, near St. Louis. In South America, too, similar human foot-prints, supposed by the Catholics to be those of the apostles, have attracted the attention of geologists.

These various statements, with the exception of the two last, have been adduced by M. Salverte as examples of the influence of the imagination, in seeing the likeness of familiar objects in forms accidentally produced, and he does not seem to be aware of the remarkable discoveries of the foot-steps of animals on solid rocks, which now form some of the most interesting data in geological

\* *Bibliothèque Universelle, Littérature*, tom. ii., p. 196, June, 1816.

† *Mém. de la Société des Antiquaires de France*, tom. vii., p. 42.



science.\* We have no doubt, therefore, that in several of the cases which have been quoted, the impressions were real and not imaginary, or at least as real as the limestone footsteps near St. Louis. M. Schoolcraft, the American geologist, who describes the latter, informs us that it was the opinion of Governor Cass and himself, formed on the spot, "that these impressions were made at a time when the rock was soft enough to receive them by pressure, and that the marks of the feet are natural and genuine;" and an eminent English geologist, writing on this subject, frankly states that he "is persuaded that the prints alluded to were the genuine impressions of human feet made in the limestone when wet. I cannot now go on," he adds, "with the arguments that may be urged in proof of my assertion, but, rely upon it, those prints are certain evidence that man existed at the epoch of the deposition of that limestone, as that birds lived when the new red sandstone was formed."†

The conversion of the natural into the supernatural, is produced, also, according to our author, by the mere exaggeration of the details or duration of a phenomenon, and hence it may be made to resume the aspect of truth, by restoring to it its natural proportions, or if the miracle has been presented to us as something energetic and permanent, by viewing it as feeble and transitory. The diamond, for example, and some other bodies, after imbibing the brilliant light of the sun, continue for some short time to radiate it in the dark; but the eastern fabulists have illuminated palaces, and lighted up the depths of a forest with their emanations. In like manner, the huge herculean *rocch* of the same writers, is but the exaggerated *Condor* of America; and the monstrous *Kraken* which the northern mariners sometimes mistake, to their ruin, for an island, is probably but an individual of the cetaceous tribe. The ancients believed that there were some animals which produced their young from the mouth; and there is reason to think that this incredible deviation from the laws of Nature had its origin in the fact, affirmed by Mr. Clinton of New York, that the young of the rattlesnake often take refuge in the mouth of their mother, and of course emerge again when the alarm has ceased. The lake of Avernus, according to ancient authors, exhaled such pestilential vapors, that the birds which flew across it were suffocated in their passage, and long after Augustus had removed its insalubrity by cutting down the adjacent forests, the lake was considered as one of the entrances to the abodes of the dead. The story is doubtless true, and errs only in the duration ascribed to the phenomenon, and in the inference deduced from it. "The marshes of Carolina," says M. Bosc, "are so insalubrious in certain places, surrounded with extensive woods, and during the great heat of the day, that birds, which are not aquatic, are struck dead while passing over it."

A third source of the marvellous presents itself in the use of improper expressions, ambiguous in their nature, and either ill understood or ill translated. In the 2d book of Kings, for example, (chap. vi., v. 25,) we are told that there was a great famine in Samaria, and that it was besieged till the fourth part of a cab of *dove's dung* was sold for five pieces of silver! Now it has been

proved by Bochart, that this name was formerly given, and is now given by the Arabs to a species of peas, vetches, or parched pulse, resembling the dung of the pigeon. It is now a cheap and favorite food in the east, and is generally used when fried, as provisions for a journey. Great magazines of it are collected at Grand Cairo and Damascus. Midas, king of Phrygia, and other ancient princes, are said to have died after drinking the *blood of the bull*, and the death of Themistocles has been ascribed to the same cause, although that blood was never supposed to possess any deleterious property. In eastern temples, however, and also in some of the temples of Greece, the priests possessed the secret of compounding a beverage which had the property of producing sudden death without pain, and to this drink, which had a red color, the name of *bull's blood* seems to have been given.

Using the same metaphorical language, the Swiss have given to a particular kind of red wine the name of the *blood of the Swiss*; and M. Salverte thinks it not unlikely that this virtuous race may, in some future day, be represented as cannibals, when they find it recorded by some of their own historians, that ample libations of this ruddy wine had been quaffed at some of their civic feasts. Ktesias places in India a fountain which is annually filled with liquid gold. "It is emptied," he adds, "every year with an hundred earthen pitchers, which are broken, when the gold is indurated at the bottom, and in each of them is found gold of the value of a talent." This statement of Ktesias is ridiculed by Larcher, the translator of Herodotus, who dwells emphatically on the disproportion of the produce to the capacity of the fountain, which could not contain less than a cubic toise of the liquid. The recital of the historian, however, as M. Salverte justly remarks, is defective only in using the phrase, *liquid gold*, in place of *gold suspended in water*. The individual particles of the metal are not visible in the liquid medium, and it is only by the evaporation of the water, and the gradual subsidence of the heavy particles, that they are precipitated on the bottom and sides of the vessels which contain them.

The other sources of the marvellous assigned by our author, are the use of figurative expressions, and a poetical style—erroneous explanations of emblematical representations—and the adoption of apologues and allegories as real facts. In illustrating these different topics, M. Salverte makes frequent reference to the Old Testament as a record of ancient history, and though we cannot suppose that our readers would derive either pleasure or instruction, by the perusal of this part of the work, or from any brief analysis of it, yet we would recommend it to the notice of the biblical critic, who might draw from it some useful hints both for the exposition and defence of the Scriptures.

From the class of wonders which have their origin in enthusiasm, ignorance, and credulity, M. Salverte passes to the consideration of "real but rare phenomena, which have been extensively received as prodigies due to the intervention of Divine Power." Although our author has scarcely touched upon the subject, the most magical and at the same time the most inexplicable of those phenomena, are the showers of stones which have at different times, and in various places, fallen from the atmosphere. Many examples of these phenomena occurred long before the Christian era,

\* See this *Journal*, No. 1., p. 30.

† *American Journal of Science*, June, 1838, Vol. xxxiii., p. 398.

and when such phenomena were associated in point of time with political or even with domestic events, they could not fail to be regarded as of a supernatural character, and as indicating the immediate agency of the Almighty. Notwithstanding the distinct accounts that have been handed down to us of the fall of stones, metals, dust and rain of various kinds and colors, they were invariably discredited; and till within the last fifty years, or till the year 1803, when more than 3000 fell at Aigle, some of which weighed seventeen pounds, they excited little notice in the scientific world. The analysis of these stones, which proved them to be different from any other stones which had been found on the surface or in the bowels of the earth, opened the eyes of philosophers; and the subject of aerolites, as they were called, became one of the most interesting departments of modern science. The writings of the ancients were eagerly ransacked, and in these as well as in the records of the early and middle ages of the Christian era, numerous well authenticated examples of this phenomenon were found. In 1478, A. C., a thunder stone fell in Crete. In 1168 a mass of iron fell upon Mount Ida, and the Ancyél or sacred shield, which fell in the reign of Numa, and which had nearly the same shape as meteoric stones which in our own times fell at the Cape and at Agra, has been universally regarded as an aerolite. A large stone, the size of a cart, fell at Ægospotamos in A. C. 466, and was publicly exhibited in the time of Plutarch. So frequently, indeed, has this phenomenon occurred, that not a century has elapsed since the birth of Christ, without many examples of it having been recorded. It is singular, however, that so few accidents have attended the descent of aerolites. In 1790, when a shower of stones fell near Roquefort, in the vicinity of Bordeaux, one of them, which was fifteen inches in diameter, forced itself through the roof of a hut, and killed a herdsman and a bullock; and in July, 1810, a huge stone fell at Shahabad in India, which burned five villages, and several men and women.

Other substances, and those sometimes of a very singular character, have been thrown down from our atmosphere. Procopius, and other ancient writers, mention a heavy shower of black dust which fell at Constantinople about the year 472. Showers of red dust, and of matter like coagulated blood, have fallen at various times, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanying meteors, and sometimes along with aerolites. Showers of what has been called by some blood, and by others red rain, have been often recorded, and that so recently as 1803; showers of red snow occurred in various parts of Italy, the coloring matter consisting of silice, alumina, and oxide of iron. The most remarkable of these was the snow of a *rose color*, which fell to the depth of five feet ten inches over the whole surface of Carnia, Cadore, Belluna and Feltri. Snow and hail of a red color, with much red dust and red rain, fell over all Tuscany on the 13th and 14th March, 1813, and a brick-red snow fell on Tonal and other mountains in Italy, on the 15th April, 1816.

Among the prodigies of ancient times, there are none more remarkable than what were considered as *showers of pieces of flesh*. That such substances were found on the surface of the earth, and were, therefore, from their singularity, supposed to have fallen from heaven, there can be little doubt. On the surface of the thermal waters of Baden, and

also on those of Ischia, there has been found a substance called *zoogene*, which resembles the human flesh covered with its skin, and which, when distilled, furnishes the same products as animal matter. M. Gimbernat, who has given an account of it in the *Journal de Pharmacie* for April, 1821, has found rocks covered with it near the chateau of Lepomena, and in the valleys of Sinigaglia and Negropont.

But the meteoric wonders of the ancients, in which the color of blood was imparted to streams of water and showers of rain, have a close parallel in a phenomenon in natural history which has been observed in our own day, and which M. Salverte has mentioned only in a few lines. This phenomenon occurred in the spring of 1825, when the lake of Morat in Switzerland was dyed, as it were, with a red substance, which "colored it in a manner so extraordinary, that all the inhabitants on the banks of the river which issues from it were struck with astonishment." The phenomenon continued from November till April and even May. Early in the day nothing remarkable is noticed in the lake, but afterwards red lines, long, regular, and parallel, are observed along the margin of the lake, and at a little distance from its banks. The substance of these red streaks is pushed by the wind into the small bays, and heaped round the reeds, where it covers the surface of the lake with a fine reddish foam, forming colored streaks, from a greenish black to the most beautiful red. A putrid smell is exhaled during the night from this stagnant mass, and it afterwards disappears, to reappear, in a similar manner, in the following day. The perch and the pike, and other fish in the lake, were tinged red, as if they had been fed with madder; and several small fish, which came to the surface to breathe and to catch flies, died with convulsions in passing through this red matter. The curious phenomenon which we have now described, has been found by M. Decandolle to be enormous quantities of a new animal, which has received the name of *oscillatoria rubescens*, and which seems to be the same with what Haller has described as a *purple conferva* swimming in water. Although this phenomenon did not attract the notice of philosophers till 1825, it is said to happen every spring, and the fishermen announce the fact by saying that the lake is in flower.\* M. Ehrenberg, while navigating the Red Sea, observed that the color of its waters was owing to a similar cause.†

In the natural history of our own species, M. Salverte finds many examples of the marvellous, which, though discredited by the sceptical, have been confirmed by modern authors. Some of the more ancient Greek writers, such as Trigonius and Aristæus, speak of pigmies two and a half feet high, of a people who have their eyes in their shoulders—of anthropophagi existing among the Northern Scythians—and of a country named *Albania*, where men are born with white hair, who can scarcely see during the day, but whose vision is perfect at night. Although Aulus Gellius has treated these relations as incredible, yet M. Salverte is of opinion that they are true, that the Laplanders and the Samoiedans are the types of the two first races, and the *Albinos* of the third. Ktesias places the pigmies in the middle of Asia,

\* *Les Mémoires de la Société de Physique et d'Hist. Nat. de Genève*. Tom. iii., part 2; and *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, April, 1827. Vol. vi., p. 307.

† *La Revue Encyclopédique*. Tom. xxiii., p. 783.



and these are considered by Salverte to be similar to the *Ainos* of the Kurile Islands, who are only four feet high, and covered with long hair. Our own countryman, Mr. Horner, saw in Boutan an individual of a very diminutive race. "Some ancient authors," says M. Salverte, "have placed the pigmies in Africa.\* A French traveller, M. Mollien, found in the Ten da-Maïé, on the banks of the Rio-grandé, a race which, he says, are remarkable for the smallness of their size, and the weakness of their limbs."† Sir Walter Raleigh and Keymis, were informed by the natives of Guiana, that there existed on the American continent a race of men who had their eyes in their shoulders and their mouth in their breast; or, as the French translator of Raleigh's account of Guiana puts it—who had very short necks and very high shoulders. M. Salverte has said nothing of the Patagonians, but we have heard on the authority of a recent traveller, that their apparent size arises from the great height of their shoulders; and if any of our tall male readers will draw himself up so that his head sinks between his elevated shoulders, and if he stalks through the room on tiptoe he will not fall short of the Patagonian giants.

M. Salverte has entertained his readers at some length with an account of a few of those monstrous births, which have been so ably classified and described as a branch of natural history by M. Geoffroy de St. Hilaire; but as we do not ourselves take any interest in this department of the marvellous, we shall presume that our readers have the same disrelish for it. The Siamese twins, who have been exhibited in our own times, and in our own country, and who formed the most elegant and interesting specimen of this kind of prodigy, have not even been noticed by our author. Were we to give the wonders of physiology a place among the occult sciences, we should occupy the rest of our space with the most marvellous details. There would pass in review before us:—youths with horns, and men with horny stumps; spotted and piebald negroes, and men who change the color of their skin; boys who recover their speech in a dream, and girls who preach in their sleep; men who lived eighteen years on water, and women fifty years on whey, and others without any drink at all; persons who survived six days without food under snow, and seven days in coal-pits; ladies who talk without tongues, execute difficult pieces of music in their sleep, and who lose and regain their musical ear; Englishmen who live on opium, and Mahomedans who eat corrosive sublimate; soldiers that are slain by the wind of a ball, and sailors who swallow buttons and clasp-knives;

\* Aristotle places them among the marshes near the sources of the Nile. Herodotus assigns the some locality to his Troglodytes, and the correctness of this assertion is confirmed by Major, now Sir William Cornwallis Harris, who learned when in Shoa, that a pigmy race, called the Doko, inhabited the extensive wilderness which bounds Caffa on the south. They do not much exceed four feet in height. Both sexes go naked; the men have no beard. They live on roots and ants, which they dig with their unpaired nails. They are ignorant of fire, and have no king, no laws, no arts, no arms; and but a "glimmering idea of a Supreme Being." They are annually hunted by the slave dealers around them, and when surrounded in the bamboo forests, a thousand of the Doko will often surrender to a hundred of their enemies. See Harris' *Highlands of Ethiopia*. Vol. iii., p. 63-67.

† *Voyage dans l'intérieur d'Afrique*. Paris, 1820. Tom. ii., p. 110.

and we should bring up the rear with a heterogeneous array of tiny children that go into pint jugs, and gigantic ones that would fill a barrel; of fat men, and men with but skin and bone; and of giants and dwarfs, terminating with General Tom Thumb. We must leave these subjects, however, in the hands of the physiological conjurer, and restrict ourselves to the more inviting topics of natural magic.

The name *Magic* was given by the Greeks to that science in which they had been instructed by the Magi. In Egypt and in all the countries of the East, it prevailed from the earliest times, and wherever it did prevail, the belief in it was sincere and universal. The power of controlling the laws of nature was believed to reside both in good and evil spirits, and it was never supposed that the exercise of this power by human agency was any encroachment upon what was foreordained, or any interference with the regular and harmonious government of the universe. Every rival sect, however hostile to each other, admitted the power of their respective magicians, and the truth of their miracles; and, though a master spirit either of good or of evil exercised dominion over the rival necromancers, yet a higher power directed the depositaries of supernatural influence, and limited it to its proper bearing upon human affairs. When we see opposing principles come into competition, the inferiority of the evil principle becomes apparent. Zoroaster, who was supposed to be the inventor of magic, did not scruple to contend with the sorcerers of his day; and the superiority of his science, supposed to be the inspiration of the principle of good, never failed to triumph over the ignorance of his antagonists, as the depositaries of an evil influence. Even in the records of Divine Truth, we find the Egyptian magicians contending with the prophet of the true God. Confiding in the wisdom of his sorcerers, Pharaoh sat in judgment over the rival enchantments; but though he at first gloried in the successful miracles of his priests, he at last acknowledged their inferiority to Moses;—and even the magicians themselves, when they saw the genuine display of Divine power, voluntarily cried out that the finger of God was there.

But it was not often that the incantations of human skill, whether wholly acquired by the magician, or communicated to him by some higher power, were brought into collision with the miraculous influence which was given to the prophets. A continued struggle prevailed among the magicians themselves, and he who was the surest prophet, and the most expert wonder-worker, was regarded as the friend and favorite of the gods. The abettors of different religions, and the priests who presided over the temples of rival gods, were thus led to call to their aid all the knowledge, both theoretical and practical, which science could lend them; and thus did the heathen temple become at once the sanctuary of worship and the seat of knowledge.

According to an ancient author, the magic of the Chaldeans consisted of three parts. The *first* part embodied the knowledge of plants, animals, and metals; the *second* indicated the season of the year, and the state of the atmosphere, when miraculous works could be most readily produced; and the *third* was occupied with the details of gestures and cabalistic words, and other mummeries, which were held to be the necessary accompaniments of the magical art. This system of truth



and falsehood combined, varied from age to age, and assumed new forms suited to the character and superstition of the people over whom it was to be wielded. The common arts of life, which were in early times included among its mysteries, gradually diffused themselves among the uninitiated; the truths of science disappeared, while the processes and methods which sprung from them continued in practice; and the tricks of the charlatan, and the deceptions of the juggler became at last the staple commodities of the magician.

After a learned, but not very interesting, discussion of various questions connected with the history and degradation of the ancient mysteries, M. Salverte proceeds in his tenth chapter to enumerate the wonders which the practice of the occult sciences enabled the magician to exhibit, and he gives the following poetical account of the initiation of a youthful aspirant into the awful mysteries of his profession:—

"At first immovable, and, as it were, chained in the midst of darkness as deep as that of the infernal regions, if vivid lightnings pierce the gloom which surrounds him, it is only to display its horrors. By means of their terrific gleams, he sees, and yet cannot discover the monstrous figures and spectres which rise before him. Serpents hiss beside him; wild beasts howl; rocks tumble with a crash, and the echo repeats and prolongs in the distance these alarming sounds. An interval of calm succeeds; and such still is his emotion, that the slightest noise, and the most agreeable sound causes him to start. The scene suddenly brightens, and he sees it changing around him its aspect and its movements; the earth trembles under his feet, sometimes rising as a mountain, and sometimes sinking, as it were, into a deep gulf. He is suddenly lifted up, or quickly carried away, without knowing the impelling power which he obeys. The paintings and statues around him seem endowed with life. The bust of bronze sheds its tears. The colossal figures move and walk, and the statues give forth a harmonious melody. He advances, and centaurs, harpies, gorgons, and hydras with their hundred heads, surround and threaten him, while ghastly forms without bodies, make sport either of his fears or of his courage. Phantoms, having the perfect resemblance of men whom the grave has long concealed—men whom he admired or loved, flit before his eyes, and mock, without ceasing, the embraces which they seem to desire. The thunder growls, the lightnings flash, the waters kindle and roll in torrents of fire. A substance, dry and solid, ferments, melts, and transforms itself into waves of foaming blood! Here the condemned try in vain to fill a shallow urn, but the liquid which they unceasingly pour out, never rises above its level. There the friends of the divinity prove their right to their title by braving boiling water, red-hot iron, melted brass, and burning piles. They make the wildest and most ferocious animals obey them; they give the command, and enormous serpents crawl at their feet; they seize the asp and the viper, and they tear them in pieces, while the reptiles dare not retaliate by their bite. The aspirant now hears the near sound of a human voice. It calls him; he replies to its questions; it issues its orders to him; it pronounces its oracles, and yet everything around him is inanimate, and the nearer he approaches the place whence the words seem to issue, the less he per-

ceives the cause which produces them—the voice by which they reach his ear. At the bottom of a narrow vault, inaccessible to day, a light, as brilliant as that of the sun, suddenly breaks forth, and reveals to him, even in the distance, enchanted gardens, and a palace whose splendor and magnificence mark it as the abode of the immortal gods. There the gods themselves appear to him, and by the most august signs reveal to him their presence. His eye sees them, his ear hears them. His reason disturbed—his mind distracted—his thoughts absorbed by the many marvels, abandon him; and dazzled with the sight, and beside himself—he adores the glorious indications of superhuman power, and the immediate presence of the divinity."—Tom. i., pp. 268–272.

When the aspirant has thus witnessed many of the most striking wonders, and has shown himself worthy of a place in the priesthood, he is initiated into secrets still more profound, and instructed in processes still more mysterious and sublime. These new powers over man and the elements, are thus eloquently expressed by our author, as if he were himself announcing them to the initiated aspirant:—

"Servant of a God, now beneficent and now avenging, but ever omnipotent—man and the elements shall obey thee. Thou shalt astonish the multitudes by thine abstinence from food; and thou shalt penetrate them with gratitude for rendering salubrious the unwholesome beverage, which an excess of thirst has forced them to accept. Thou shalt unsettle the spirits of men; thou shalt plunge them into animal stupidity, or into ferocious rage, or thou shalt make them forget their griefs; thou shalt rouse even to fanaticism their boldness and their docility; thou shalt fulfil in vision their most ardent desires; and, master of their imaginations, thou shalt often, without any material agent, act upon their senses, and rule over their will. The arbiter of their differences, thou shalt have no occasion, like themselves, to examine witnesses and to balance testimonies—a simple proof will suffice to distinguish the innocent and truth-speaking witness from the guilty person and the perjurer, struck down before thee by a painful and inevitable death. In their maladies, men shall implore thine aid, and at thy voice assistance from above shall heal their diseases. Thou shalt even rescue from death the prey which he has already seized. Woe be to him who shall offend thee. Thou shalt strike the guilty with blindness, with leprosy, and with death; thou shalt prohibit the earth from yielding its fruits; thou shalt poison the air which they breathe; the air, the vapors shall furnish thee with weapons against thine enemies. The most terrible of the elements, fire, shall become thy slave. It shall issue spontaneously at thy command; it shall dazzle the sight of the most incredulous, and water shall not be able to extinguish it. It shall burst forth terrible like thunder against thy victims, and tearing up the bosom of the earth, it shall force it to engulf them, and shall give them up to it to be devoured. The heavens even shall recognize thy power; thou shalt predict, either to gratify or alarm, the changes in the atmosphere, or the convulsions of the earth. Thou shalt turn aside the lightning; thou shalt make sport of its fires; and trembling man shall believe that thou hast the power of bringing it down upon his head."—Tom. i., p. 272–274.

Such are the powers with which magic has

invested it votaries, and such the influence which it has in every age exercised over ignorance and superstition. To us, however, whom science has enlightened, and over whom a spurious faith has wielded none of its blighting energies, the illusions and deceptions so powerfully emblazoned in the preceding extracts, will appear but as the results of mechanical dexterity and scientific skill, or as the effects of soporific potions which drown the senses without deadening them—of chemical embrocations which protect the skin, or of pungent odors and penetrating liniments which disturb the senses, or act with energy upon the nerves.

In proceeding to show how all these effects have been produced, our author does not pretend to find in the writings of the ancients, positive indications of that scientific knowledge which a satisfactory explanation of them requires; but he believes that the ancients had the means of performing the wonders which they professed to perform, and he therefore supposes that the knowledge which was thus required has gradually disappeared during its transition through the temple worship and the secret societies to which it had been communicated.

In the display of wonders which were exhibited to the sacerdotal aspirant, the motion of the ground on which he stood, and his rapid transference from one scene of the drama to another, were obviously the principal parts of the performance, without which all the rest would have been insufficient: and hence an ingenious and concealed system of mechanical locomotion was required. That such machines actually existed, may be inferred, as M. Salverte has shown, from various passages in ancient authors. Cassiodorus defines mechanics as "the science of constructing marvellous machines, the effect of which is to reverse the entire order of nature." Livy informs us, that in the disgraceful mysteries which were denounced by the Roman magistrates in the year 186 before Christ, those who refused to take a part in them were tied to machines, and were said to be hurried off by the gods into secret caves.\* The persons who descended into the cave of Trophonius to consult the oracles, were placed at the entrance, which was too narrow to admit a man of the middle size. When his knees were introduced, he felt himself dragged inwards with great rapidity, and in addition to this mechanism, there was another which suddenly enlarged the width of the entrance. When the Indian magi conducted Apollonius into their temples amid a sacred procession, and the chanting of hymns, the earth, which they struck, keeping time, with their batons, moved like an agitated sea, and raised them to the height of two steps, and then replaced them on their former level. That such machinery actually existed, may be inferred also from the present state of some of the ancient temples, where grooves and apertures, and other indications of mechanism are still to be seen.

Ingenuous, however, as these pieces of scenic mechanism must have been, they sink into insignificance when compared with the machinery of the present day, contemplated either in the vastness of its power, or in the ingenuity and delicacy of its applications: The mighty steam engine—

whether we view it in its individual grandeur or in its universal dominion over all inferior machinery—must ever be the great autocrat of the mechanical world. How wide are its provinces—how extensive its fields of enterprise—how numerous its subjects, and how diversified their aims! Over the ocean and the estuary, across the inland sea and the mountain lake, along the sinuous river and the placid stream, it passes in majestic sweep like the vapor-tailed comet athwart the planetary domains, dispensing blessings in its course, and gifts yet unrecognized by the recipients of its bounty. The merchant and the traveller, the naturalist and the voluntary exile, the philanthropist and the ambassador of heaven, are borne with speed and safety to the scenes of their respective labors. Man meets man, interchanging the works of their hands or the produce of the soil. Antipodes, who have hitherto been planted with foot opposite to foot, now stand in parallel intercourse and craniological proximity. The white man and the black, the serf and the freeman, the liberated slave and his repentant master, commune on each other's sufferings and aspirations, and prepare for that reign of peace which is gradually evolving from the mysterious cloud that now overhangs the nations. Nor are its labors less marvellous and less beneficent within the more limited range of our daily interests and observation. Here it stands at the mine head disembowelling the earth of its treasures—there delivering it from its superfluous waters or depriving it of its deleterious or explosive atmosphere. Here it has its fixed abode in the factory, giving life and motion to the various combinations of art which prepare for our use the necessities and luxuries of life—there it takes its locomotive flight along our pathways of iron, shortening time and space, and uniting in one brotherhood the most distant and dis severed members of the commonwealth. Wherever, indeed, its throne is reared it exercises a beneficent sovereignty, feeding and clothing man—subjugating the material world to his use, and summoning all his intellectual powers to make new demands upon its liberality, and draw new prizes from its treasure house.

In the budget of wonders which the ancient priests opened to the astounded neophytes, the phenomena of sound performed an effective part. The roars of thunder were supposed to precede the approach of the gods, or to accompany the responses of their oracles. Pliny tells us that the labyrinths of Egypt contained several palaces so constructed that when the doors were opened the loudest peals of thunder were reverberated from its walls. The sweet sounds which at another time ravished the ears of the aspirant, issued from metallic rods or other acoustic instruments placed behind the wainscot of the temple, and, in Salverte's opinion, the sounds of human voices were produced by hydraulic organs, which were well known to the ancients. In the treatise on rivers and mountains, ascribed to Pausanias, we are told that a marvellous stone was placed as a sentinel at the entrance to a treasury, and that robbers were scared away by the trumpet accent which it sent forth. Mineralogy presents us with several stones, which have the property of resonance, and it is probable that a stone of this description was so suspended as to be struck by a metallic projection when the external door of the treasury was opened. Strong boxes, or safes as they are called, have been made in modern times which,

\* *Raptos a diis homines dici, quos machinæ illigatos ex conspectu in abditos specus abripiant eos esse, qui sunt conjurare, aut sociari facinoribus noluerint.*—Tit. Liv. Lib. xxxiv., cap. 13.

emitted sounds to alarm their owners when broken into surreptitiously;\* and we have seen similar boxes which, when opened by a false key, throw out a battery of cannon and shoot the intruder. The clinkstone indicates by its very name its sonorous qualities. The red granite of the Thebaid in Egypt possesses similar properties, and so musical are the granitic rocks on the banks of the Orinoco that their sounds are ascribed to witchcraft by the natives, while the stones themselves are called by the missionaries *loras de musica*. Our countryman, Mr. Mawe, informs us that there are large blocks of basalt in Brasil which emit very clear sounds when struck, and hence this property of particular stones has induced the Chinese to employ them in the fabrication of musical instruments. Within the last few years, indeed, an artisan in Keswick has exhibited in many parts of the island a piano entirely composed of slabs of rock, upon which difficult pieces of music are performed.

Among the acoustic wonders of the ancients were the magical effects produced by ventriloquism. Children were made to speak at the moment of their birth, and statues, animals, and trees appropriated the words which issued from the closed lips of the ventriloquist. The apparatus called the *Invisible Girl*—an invention of modern times, in which questions are received and answered by the mouth of a suspended trumpet, belongs to the same class of deceptions. The *speaking heads* of the ancients contained the termination of tubes which communicated with living orators concealed either behind them or at a distance. The speaking head of Orpheus, of such celebrity among the Greeks and Persians, uttered in this manner its oracular responses at Lesbos. The head of the Sage Mimer, which the Scandinavian magician Odin encased in gold, gave forth its responses with all the authority of a divine revelation. Pope Gerbert constructed a speaking head of brass about A. D. 1000; and Albertus Magnus completed another which not only moved but spoke. Lucian informs us that the statue of Esculapius was made to speak by the transmission of a voice from behind, through the gullet of a crane to the mouth of the figure. An examination of the statues found at Alexandria, indicated the same process; and when the wooden head spoke through a speaking trumpet at the court of Charles II., a popish priest, to whose tongue it owed its efficacy, was found concealed in the adjoining apartment.

Our limits will not permit us to do more than mention the vocal powers of the granite statue of Memnon in Egypt. Sir A. Smith, an English traveller, distinctly heard the sounds issuing from it in the morning; and while others ascribe them to the same cause as the sounds in granite rocks, M. Salverte regards them as wholly artificial, and the work of Egyptian priestcraft; and he contrives a complicated apparatus of lenses, levers, and hammers, by which he supposes that the rays of the sun, as the prime mover, produce the marvellous sounds. Akenside, in his *Pleasures of the Imagination*, has also alluded to a mechanism of strings put in motion by the solar beams.

For as old Memnon's image long renowned  
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch

\* M. Salverte states that Louis XV. possessed one of these, and that Napoleon was offered one at Vienna in 1809.

Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string  
Concealing, sounded through the warbling air  
Unbidden strains. Book i., p. 109.

But the most celebrated of all the acoustic wonders which the natural world presents to us is the Jebel Narkous, or the "Mountain of the Bell," a low sandy hill in the Peninsula of Mount Sinai, in Arabia Petrea, which gives out sounds varying from that of a humming top to thunder, while the sand, either from natural or artificial causes, descends its sloping flanks. It has been described in our own times by M. Seetzen, a German traveller, and also by Mr. Gray of University College, Oxford; but as their descriptions have been already published in different English works\* we shall not again refer to them. A more recent traveller, Lieut. Wellstedt† of the Indian navy, who, while surveying a portion of the Red Sea in 1830, visited this celebrated mountain, and with whom we have had an opportunity of conversing upon the subject, has given the following description of its acoustic properties:—

"Jebel Narkous forms one of a ridge of low calcareous hills at a distance of three and a half miles from the beach, to which a sandy plain, extending with a gentle rise to their base, connects them. Its height, about four hundred feet, as well as the material of which it is composed, a light-colored friable sandstone, is about the same as the rest of the chain; but an inclined plain of almost impalpable sand rises at an angle of 40° with the horizon, and is bounded by a semi-circle of rocks, presenting broken, abrupt, and pinnacled forms, and extending to the base of this remarkable hill. Although their shape and arrangement in some respects may be said to resemble a whispering gallery, yet I determined by experiment that their irregular surface renders them but ill adapted to the production of an echo. Seated on a rock at the base of the sloping eminence, I directed one of the Bedowins to ascend, and it was not till he had reached some distance that I perceived the sand in motion rolling down the hill to the depth of a foot. It did not, however, descend in one continued stream, but as the Arab scrambled upwards it spread out laterally, and upwards, until a considerable portion of the surface was in motion. At their commencement the sounds might be compared to the faint strains of an Eolian harp when its strings first catch the breeze; as the sand became more violently agitated by the increased velocity of the descent, the noise more nearly resembled that produced by drawing the moistened fingers over glass. As it reached the base the reverberations attained the loudness of distant thunder, causing the rock on which we were seated to vibrate; and our camels, animals not easily frightened, became so alarmed that it was with difficulty their drivers could restrain them." —Vol. ii., p. 23.

In continuing his observations, Lieutenant Wellstedt remarked that the noise did not issue alike from every part of the hill. The loudest was produced by disturbing the sand on the north side, about twenty feet from the base, and about ten from the rocks which bound it in that direction. The sounds fell quicker on the ear at one time,

\* Brewster's *Letters on Natural Magic*, Letter ix.; and the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, No. xi., p. 53, and No. xiii., p. 51.

† *Travels in Arabia*. Vol. ii., chap. 2, p. 23-25. London, 1838.



and were prolonged at another, apparently depending on the velocity with which the Bedowin descended. The sounds are said to have an inconceivably melancholy effect, and the tradition given by Burekhardt that the bells of the convent were heard here, was often repeated by the Arabs to Lieutenant Wellstedt.

Our author visited the Jebel Narkous on two other occasions. The first time the sounds were barely audible, and rain having fallen before his second visit, the surface of the sand was so consolidated by the moisture that they could not be produced at all. Hence Lieutenant Wellstedt ascribed the gratification of his curiosity at his third visit to the perfect dryness of the sand, and consequently to the larger quantities that rolled down the slope. The same sounds, he found, were produced when the wind was sufficiently high to set the sand in motion. He does not venture to explain this phenomenon; but he rejects without hesitation the generally received opinion, that the effects are originated by this sand falling into cavities, "because sounds thus produced would be dull, and wholly deficient in the vibrations he has noticed."

Sir John Herschel has pronounced the phenomenon of El Narkous, as described by Seetzen and Gray, to be a very surprising one, and to him "utterly inexplicable," and we should doubtless have found ourselves in the same dilemma had we not perused the narrative of Lieutenant Wellstedt, and become acquainted with an analogous phenomenon recently observed in our own country by Mr. Hugh Miller.

This able geologist and accurate observer, when visiting, in the course of last summer, the interesting island of Eigg, in the Hebrides, observed that a musical sound was produced while he walked over the white dry sand which forms the sea beach of the island. At each step the sand was driven from his foot-print, and the noise was simultaneous with the scattering of the sand. We have here, therefore, the phenomenon in its simple state, disembarassed from reflecting rocks, from a hard bed beneath, and from cracks and cavities that might be supposed to admit the sand, and indicating as its cause either the accumulated vibrations of the air when struck by the driven sand, or the accumulated sounds occasioned by the mutual impact of the particles of sand against each other. If a musket ball passing through the air emits a whistling note, each individual particle of sand must do the same, however faint be the note which it yields, and the accumulation of these infinitesimal vibrations must constitute an audible sound, varying with the number and velocity of the moving particles. In like manner, if two plates of silex or quartz, which are but large crystals of sand, give out a musical sound when mutually struck, the impact or collision of two minute crystals or particles of sand must do the same, in however inferior a degree, and the union of all these sounds, though singly imperceptible, may constitute the musical notes of the Bell Mountain or the lesser sounds of the trodden sea-beach of Eigg.

The thirteenth chapter of the work before us is devoted to the discussion of those prodigies which are supposed to have been produced by optical combinations. This class of wonders is perhaps the most interesting of any of those which have a purely scientific origin. As the science of optics deals especially with images either of animate or inanimate objects which can be diminished or enlarged, multiplied or inverted, thrown upon

smoke, into the air, or upon the ground, or upon the walls or ceiling of an apartment, it is obvious that the magician may apply these resources in effecting the most extraordinary exhibitions. It is to the eye, rendered sensitive or faithless by fear, or even when in the full possession of its powers of scrutiny and detection, that the spectres and apparitions which form the staple of the supernatural, invariably present themselves. The illusions of the ear we may question; and even those of the taste, the touch, and the smell, may be liable to suspicion; but we never doubt the existence of what stands fully before us, whether it appeals to our individual observation, or to the concurring senses of our associates.

It is universally admitted that the ancients used mirrors of silver, steel, and of speculum metal, composed of copper and tin. It appears from a passage in Pliny, that mirrors of glass were manufactured at Sidon, though we have no reason to believe that they possessed the art of increasing the reflective power of their posterior surface; and therefore they could be used only when a very faint image was required, or when the person or object was highly illuminated. Aulus Gellius has mentioned another kind of mirror which, though it gave distinct images in one place, lost its power of reflection, or rather of forming images, when carried to another place (*ahorsum translutum*.) M. Salverte regards this property as either the result of slight of hand, or of "something analogous to the phenomena of polarized light, which ceases to be reflected when it falls at a certain angle upon a reflecting body." The last of these suppositions is clearly inadmissible, and without having recourse to the magician's wand, we may deprive any mirror of its reflective power, by merely breathing upon it, or conveying to it a film of vapor which will disappear quickly or slowly, according to the temperature of the mirror, or the dryness of the atmosphere in which it is placed.

With mirrors and specula for his utensils, the magician is prepared for the most supernatural exhibitions. The ancients had particular places (Nekyomantion) specially consecrated to the raising of the dead, and the apparition of their images or shades. These were images either formed on the wall, or any white ground, and were generally dumb representations, unless when the ventriloquist added his science to perfect the illusion. Sometimes they were formed on the wreaths or clouds of smoke which rose from the burning incense. The objects from which these optical pictures were obtained, were either painted likenesses, or busts, or they might be living persons themselves, dressed and painted so as to resemble the god or the hero who was to be summoned from his retreat. In one of these magical abodes, Homer makes Ulysses converse with his friends raised from the dead, and a crowd of apparitions and a frightful noise interrupt the conversation. We are informed by Jamblichus that the gods, when evoked by the magician, appeared among the vapors disengaged from the fire; and when the statue of Hecate was made to laugh amid the smoke of burning incense, it was probably the image of a living person wearing the sorcerer's costume. But even this supposition is not necessary. The resources of the magician might enable him to dispense with his laughing friend: The grave image of the grave statue of Hecate might have been quickly replaced by a laughing

image from a laughing statue of the same personage.

But the same, and even more astonishing effects, might be produced by simpler means. It was stated by Sir David Brewster, at the British Association at York, that the rigid features of a white bust might be made to move and vary their expression, sometimes smiling and sometimes frowning, by moving rapidly in front of the bust a bright light, so as to make the lights and shadows take every possible direction, and various degrees of intensity. Hence, if such a bust is placed before a concave mirror, its image, like that of Hecate, may be made to do more than smile when it is cast upon the smoky wreaths.

The employment of phantasmagoric exhibitions by the ancients is clearly indicated by Damascius, in his account of the manifestation of Osiris by the Alexandrian priests. "There appeared," says he, "on the wall of the temple, a mass of light, which seemed at first very remote. It transformed itself, while contracting its dimensions, into a face evidently divine and supernatural, with a severe aspect, yet blended with gentleness, and extremely beautiful." This is precisely the manner in which the figures of the modern phantasmagoria, produced by mirrors or lenses, rise out of the luminous image, when put out of focus.

The celebrated feat of modern necromancy described by Benvenuto Cellini, in which he himself was an actor, though perplexed with unnecessary and misleading details, was clearly the work of a magic lantern which threw the pictures of gods and demons upon the wreaths of smoke, while the spectators were stupefied or intoxicated with noisome or exciting odors, which increased their liability to deception, if they did not add the phantasms of the imagination to the crowd of apparitions with which they were previously encircled.

Mirrors of a kind different from any of those we have described, and acting upon a different principle, may have been used by the ancients. A mirror of this kind was, about fifteen years ago, sent to India from China, where they were very uncommon. They are said to have been brought by a Dutch ship from Japan several years before, and to have excited general notice. One of these mirrors, which was described to us by George Swinton, Esq., was five inches in diameter, and made of copper and tin. On the back of it there is stamped in relief certain circles with a kind of Grecian border. Its polished face is so convex as to give an image of the human face half its natural size, and when it was made to reflect from that surface the rays of the sun upon a white ground, the image of the circles with the Grecian border, as stamped upon the back, was distinctly seen in the luminous area on the white ground. On the back of another mirror was a dragon, the image of which was, in like manner, reflected from the polished side. This is doubtless a very magical result, and the instrument which produces it might be made a fertile source of deception. There is here no object to be concealed. The elements of deception all lie within the mirror itself, and the apparition requires only a strong light to be evoked. Like the ablest conjurors, the artist has contrived to make the observer deceive himself—the most insurmountable of all kinds of deception. The figures stamped on the back are the source of this self-deception. The picture in the luminous area is not an image of

the figures on the back, and has no connexion with them whatever, excepting in their resemblance. The figures on the back are merely a copy of a concealed picture which is somehow or other formed or impressed in the polished surface which reflects it. The figure of the dragon, for example, may be delineated in shallow lines on the surface of the mirror previous to its being polished; or it may be eaten out by a diluted acid, so as to remove only the smallest portion of the metal. The surface must then be polished upon cloth, which will polish the slightly depressed parts of the metal as highly as the rest, so that the picture of the dragon will be wholly invisible to the eye. A curious example of this may be seen in highly polished gilt buttons, upon which no figure whatever can be seen by the most careful examination, and yet when they are made to reflect the light of the sun or of a candle upon a piece of paper held close to them, they give a beautiful geometrical figure, with ten rays issuing from the centre, and terminating in a luminous rim. If, in place of the sun or candle, we were to use a small bright luminous point, we have no doubt that the figure given by the Chinese mirror and the button would be much more distinct.\*

A similar illusion might be produced by drawing a figure with weak gum water upon the surface of a convex mirror. The thin film of gum thus deposited on the outline or details of the figure would not be visible in dispersed daylight, but when made to reflect the rays of the sun, or those of a divergent pencil, would be beautifully displayed by the lines and tints occasioned by the diffraction of light, or the interference of the rays passing through the film with those which pass by it.

In accounting for the enchanted gardens and magnificent palaces, the residence of the gods, which were exhibited during the initiation of his aspirant, M. Salverte supposes that a method similar to that used in the diorama was employed. In this beautiful invention a fine painting, visible only by transmitted light, rises into existence during the disappearance of another on the same canvass, visible only by reflected light. In this manner a cathedral, perfect in all its parts, gradually passes into one destroyed by fire, and the splendid abbey of Notre Dame, at first illuminated by the setting sun, gradually passes through its different phases after sunset, till its interior is illuminated with artificial lights, and the appearance of the moon and the stars completes the midnight representation of the scene.

The *dissolving views*, another beautiful optical combination of the present day, but which was not known when M. Salverte wrote, would have been, or perhaps was, a valuable auxiliary in ancient mysteries. By means of two magic lanterns, in one of which is the summer representation, and in another the winter representation of the same landscape, the one is made to pass into the other with a beauty and effect which it is impossible to describe. The same effect might be produced, though less perfectly, by mirrors, so that the ancients might have effected any metamorphosis they chose by such an apparatus; they might have thus summoned the dead man from his grave, or given to the pallid corpse both life and motion.

Another optical apparatus which we believe has

\* See *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine*, Vol. i., p. 438. Dec. 1832.



not yet been made an instrument of imposture, might be made available by the skilful conjuror. Could we alter the focal length of a large concave mirror, we might make the image of a statue or a living object move or walk backwards and forwards in the air, or through a lengthened wreath or a series of contiguous clouds of smoke suited to its reception. Now Buffon has actually taught us how to bend a large flat plate of glass into a concave mirror. He took glass plates two or three feet in diameter, and by means of a screw acting upon a piece of metal in the centre of the plate, he bent it by mechanical pressure into different degrees of concavity. He improved upon this idea by making the glass plate a part of an air-tight drum, and by exhausting the air with an air-pump, the pressure of the atmosphere forced the glass into a concave form. He next proposed to grind the central part of the plate into the shape of a small convex lens,\* and in its focus to place a sulphur match, that when the plate was directed to the sun, his rays, concentrated by the lens, would inflame the match, produce an absorption of the air, and consequently a vacuum. In this way Buffon produced mirrors whose shortest focal length was twenty-five feet; but M. Zeiher of St. Petersburg, by adopting a better process, succeeded in bending a Venetian plate of glass, two lines thick and twenty Rhinland inches in diameter, so as to have a focal length of fifteen feet. He did this by placing a bar of iron across the centre of the plate when placed in a ring. The plate was kept in its place by a thin bar of iron stretched across it, and having a female screw in the centre. This thin bar was then pressed against the glass by a screw passing through the centre of the cross bar and working in the female screw. An apparatus similar to that of Buffon has, we understand, been lately constructed by our ingenious countryman Mr. Nasmyth, who produces the vacuum by simply sucking out the air from behind the plate of glass.

But of all the wonders of modern science the art of Photography furnishes us with the most striking. Beyond the violet extremity of the solar spectrum there exist certain invisible rays which, though not appreciable by their incidence on the human retina, have yet the power of exercising a chemical action upon a Daguerreotype plate or upon a sheet of paper rendered sensitive by the Calotype process of Mr. Talbot. If these rays, as suggested by Mr. Talbot, were introduced into a dark apartment so as to fall upon the persons and objects which it contained, the sharpest eye within would descry nothing athwart the thick darkness which surrounded it. But if a camera, furnished with the sensitive retina of an iodised plate, or a sheet of calotype paper, were directed to the party in the room, it would, in a few seconds, take their portraits, record their passions, and reveal their deeds. Were this dark abode the locality of crime, and the shroud of night the cover of the criminal, the blank yet pregnant tablet would surrender to the astonished sage its embosomed phantoms—the murderer and his bleeding victim.

Nor is this the only contribution which the photogenic art has made to natural magic. Professor Moser of Königsberg has discovered that all bodies, even in the dark, throw out invisible rays, and

that these bodies, when placed at a small distance from polished surfaces of all kinds, depict themselves upon such surfaces in forms which remain invisible till they are developed by the human breath, or by the vapors of mercury or iodine. Even if the sun's image is made to pass over a plate of glass, the light tread of its rays will leave behind it an invisible track, which the human breath will instantly reveal. Had the gigantic bird which, in the primæval age, left its footprints upon the now indurated sea beach as a stereotype of its existence and its character—had that bird marched over a surface of glass without leaving any visible trace of its path, and had that surface been exempted from other agencies, the breath of the modern geologist would have revealed, upon the vitreous pavement, the footprint and the stride of the feathered colossus.

But while *visible* objects thus leave behind them invisible phantoms, which may at any time be summoned into view, *invisible* objects may also impress, or leave behind them, visible and persistent images. This portraiture of the unseen and the unknown may be made upon surfaces with which the objects neither are, nor have been, in contact; and even in our very dwellings may this transmigration of forms, like the hand-writing on the wall, surprise or alarm us.

It has been noticed by several observers, and we have more than once seen it, that a plastered ceiling sometimes exhibits upon its surface the forms of the joists by which it is suspended. The plaster immediately beneath the beams dries less quickly than what is between them, and admits more freely into its pores the finely attenuated matter which the occasional smoke of the fireplace conveys. Were the magician, therefore, to construct the ceiling of his closet in the manner best adapted for his purposes, and place on its upper side, in the apartment above, either a skeleton or its imitation, the smoke of his incense, or the wreaths from his hookah, would soon display, on the whitened surface beneath, the hideous osteology which it conceals. By the exhalations thus modelled and fixed, through a physical agency, in which nature herself is the magician, the forms of things secreted might become manifest, and deeds of darkness revealed, which had baffled the most eager search. Had the lady of the Mistletoe-bough concealed herself above such a roof instead of in the "old oaken chest," the mystery of her melancholy fate might have been more quickly revealed.

Our narrow limits will not permit us to dwell on the wonders which the ancient magicians derived from the science of hydrostatics. The magic cup of Tantalus, which he could never drink though the beverage rose to his lips; the fountain in the Island of Andros, which discharged wine for seven days, and water during the rest of the year; the fountain of oil which burst out to welcome the return of Augustus from the Sicilian war; the empty urns which, at the annual feast of Bacchus, filled themselves with wine, to the astonishment of the assembled strangers; the glass tomb of Belus which, after being emptied by Xerxes, would never again be filled; the weeping statues of the ancients, and the weeping virgin of modern times, whose tears were uncourteously stopped by Peter the Great when he discovered the trick; and the perpetual lamps of the ancient temples,—were all the obvious effects of hydrostatical pressure.

The ascending vapor of fluids, as well as their downward tendency, was summoned to the aid of

\* It is singular that Buffon did not think of the simpler method of cementing a lens on the centre of the plate.



superstition. Anthémios of Tralles, the architect of Justinian, being desirous to play a trick to the orator Zeno, his neighbor and his enemy, conducted steam in leathern tubes from concealed boilers, and made them pass through the partition wall to beneath the beams which supported the ceiling of Zeno's house. When the cauldrons were made to boil, the ceilings shook as if they had been shaken by an earthquake.\* Another example of the application of steam to the purposes of imposture is given by Tollius.† History informs us that on the banks of the Weser *Busteric*, the god of the ancient Teutons sometimes exhibited his displeasure by a clap of thunder which was succeeded by a cloud that filled the sacred precincts. The image of the god was made of metal, and the head, which was hollow, contained an amphora (nine English gallons) of water. Wedges of wood shot up the apertures at the mouth and eyes, while burning coals, artfully placed in a cavity of the head, gradually heated the liquid. In a short time the generated steam forced out the wedges with a loud noise, and then escaped violently in three jets, raising a thick cloud between the god and his astonished worshippers. In the middle ages the monks availed themselves of this invention, and the steam *bust* was put in requisition even before Christian worshippers.

Although Chemistry, as a science, was scarcely known to the ancients, there is reason to believe that they were acquainted with some processes which were made available in their temples. In the middle ages, and in more recent times, when the alchemists formed a powerful community of impostors, the transmutations of chemistry became valuable elements of magic. A process for imitating blood performed high functions even in the Christian temple, and when this pabulum of life was seen to boil upon the altar and in the urn, disasters, both individual and national, were portended. Even in Provence, in the seventeenth century, when a worshipper approached the statue of one of the principal saints, his coagulated blood, contained in a phial supposed to be filled with it, became liquid, and suddenly boiled. Nor has this imposture ceased to be produced in our own times. In Italy it was universally exhibited at a public ceremony, where the blood of St. Januarius, which was said to have been preserved in a dry state for ages, liquified itself spontaneously, and rose and boiled at the top of the vessel which contained it. After the French took possession of Italy, the trick ceased to be performed; but we have been told by a gentleman who has seen it, that it has been again introduced, and is one of the most imposing of the lying miracles of antichristian Rome.‡ M. Salverte informs us that this blood of the saints is made by reddening sulphuric ether with alkanet root, and then saturating the liquid with spermaceti. This preparation will remain fixed at a temperature of 10° cent. above freezing, and melts and boils at 20°, a temperature to which it can be raised by holding the phial for some time in the hand.

In the story of Nessus and Dejanira, M. Sal-

verte has found another example of the chemical sorcery of the ancients. When Hercules was about to offer sacrifices to Jupiter, he required a dress proper for the occasion. His wife Dejanira sent him a poisoned tunic, which she had received from Nessus, and no sooner had he put it on, than he was seized with the fatal distemper of which he perished. According to Sophocles, this garment had been smeared by Dejanira herself with what has been called the *blood of Nessus*, whom Hercules had slain. Venus gave her a phial of the liquor, instructed her to keep it in the dark, and to rub it over the garment with a flock of wool. When exposed to the sun, this flock of wool took fire, raised a foam upon the stone on which it lay, and was reduced to powder. M. Salverte supposes that it was a phosphuret of sulphur, composed of equal parts of these inflammable bodies, which remains liquid at a temperature of 10° cent., and takes fire at 25°. Thus when Hercules stood before the flaming altar, the heat of the fire and the moisture of the body, may, according to our author, have decomposed the phosphuret, and permitted the dry and caustic phosphoric acid to disorganize the skin and muscles, and finally produce death.

The sciences of electricity and magnetism yielded but a small tribute to the magic of the ancients, and the priestcraft of the middle ages. The art of bringing down lightning from the heavens seems to have been the only electrical charm which they possessed; and, in a very interesting chapter on the subject, M. Salverte has rendered it probable that the ancients defended their buildings from lightning by conductors, and that the Temple of Solomon was thus protected. Under the magnetical knowledge of the ancients, our author is disposed to rank the mariner's compass, which, after Mr. W. Cooke,\* he supposes to be the "intelligence," which animated and conducted the Phœnician navy; and he conceives that the arrow which enabled Abaris to traverse the earth by an aerial route, was nothing more than a magnetic needle. But whether we refer the invention of the compass to an early age, or to the Finns in the twelfth century, it is quite certain that the ancients were acquainted with the attractive power of the magnet; and the great miracle of modern times, the suspension of Mahomet's coffin in the air, was more than once performed in the heathen temples. Pliny informs us that Democrates began to build a temple at Alexandria with loadstones, in order to suspend a statue of Arsinoë in the air, but that he did not live to accomplish it. According to Suidas, a brass statue of Cærops was suspended in the vault of the temple at Alexandria, by means of a strong iron nail in its head. Cassiodorus, without mentioning a magnet, avers that an iron statue of Cupid was suspended in the air in the temple; and Isidore of Seville, without naming the temple, says that there was seen an iron statue suspended in the air by means of a magnet.

That these miracles were the result of imposition, there can be no doubt. A magnet suspending a weight may have been exhibited as a decoy to the ignorant; but the coffins, if they were suspended at all, were suspended with cords or wires, which, by a judicious arrangement of the lights, in reference to the position of the spectator, could be easily rendered invisible. The science of Magnetism, in its present state, and were it even to borrow

\* Agathinus, *De rebus gestis Justiniani*. Lib. v., cap. 4.

† Tollii, *Epistola Itineraria*. p. 34.

‡ In confirmation of this, we may state that Mr. Warton, (the celebrated naturalist, who distinguished himself by riding upon a crocodile,) when at Naples, kissed *Æne* times, in the course of five hours, a bottle containing the solid blood of St. Januarius, and regarded all his adventures as utterly insignificant, when compared with this act of his life!

\* *Enquiry into the Patriarchal and Druidical Religion*. Lond. 1794. p. 2.

from galvanism her stupendous magnets, is incapable of honoring Mahomet with an aerial mausoleum. It is the modern science of Electromagnetism alone that can perform this splendid miracle; and within the spiral coils of its wonder-working helix, we may yet see suspended the bones of Joanna Southcote; or the undecomposed remains of the chief of the Mormonites; or perchance the penance-worn frame of some Puseyite hierarch, who may have appealed to science as a forlorn hope against the Protestant faith.

In the remaining fourteen chapters of the work before us, occupying a little more than the second volume, M. Salverte discusses, with great learning and ingenuity, many interesting subjects, which have not a special connexion with any individual science. We shall endeavor to give our readers a brief and rapid sketch of the most important points which they contain.

The art of breathing fire—of protecting the human skin from the heat of melted metals or red-hot iron, and of rendering wooden buildings proof against fire, seems to have been practised from the earliest ages. Two hundred years before Christ, Eunus established himself as the leader of the insurgent slaves, by breathing fire and smoke from his mouth; and Barchochebas, the ringleader of the revolted Jews in the reign of Hadrian, claimed to be the Messiah from his power of vomiting flames from his mouth. The priestesses of Diana Parasya, in Cappadocia, as Strabo states, commanded public veneration by walking over burning coals; and, according to Pliny, the Hirpi family enjoyed the hereditary property of being incombustible, which they exhibited annually in the temple of Apollo, on Mount Soracte. Pachymerus tells us that he has seen several accused persons prove their innocence by handling red-hot iron; and, in 1065, the monks produced as a witness, in the great church of Angers, an old man who underwent the proof of boiling water, and that, too, as their reverences state, *from the bottom of the boiler, where they had heated the water more than usual!* Sylla could not set fire to the wooden tower raised on the Piræus by Archelaus; and Cæsar could not burn the tower of larch, which was doubtless made fire-proof by a solution of alum. The use of certain chemical embrocations—the substitution of the fusible metal of Darceet, which melts at a low heat—and the application of plasters of asbestos to the feet—or of a saturated solution of alum to the skin—were among the arts thus called into use.

The influence of man over the lower animals was, in ancient times, a fruitful source of the marvellous. There were Van Amburghs, male and female, in those days. The influence of valerian upon the cat, of the oils of Rhodium, cummin, and anise-seed upon rats and mice, may serve to give us an idea of what may have been effected on a greater scale. Men condemned to destruction by wild beasts, are said to have protected themselves by the fetid odor of the fat of the elephant, with which they had been smeared; and Firmus is said to have swam with impunity in the midst of crocodiles, by rubbing himself with their grease. In the temple of Jupiter Olympus, there was a bronze horse supposed to have been anointed with the juice of the *hippomanes*, which roused the passions of every horse that approached it; and an analogous property is said to have been possessed by the brazen bull which was the chef-d'œuvre of Myron. The influence of music over

animals, the fascinating power of snakes, and the methods of taming them, by depriving them of their powers of mischief, are all treated by M. Salverte with much detail. The lumbering hippopotamus, and the massive elephant, rejoice in the notes of martial music, and the cat, the lizard, the iguano, the tortoise, and even the spider, are said to be susceptible of the charms of harmonious sounds.

The professors of ancient as well as of modern magic found powerful auxiliaries in the soporific drugs, and poisonous beverages which derange the intellectual as well as the physical condition of man. The waters of Lethe, and the beverage of Mnemosyne, which killed Timochares in three months after he had quaffed it in the cave of Trophonius, are examples of the soporific and stupefying drinks of the ancients. The *Nepenthes* of Homer, the *Hyoscyamus datura*, the *Solanum*, the *Potomantis*, the *Gelatophyllis*, and the *Achæmenis* of Pliny, the *Ophiusia* of the Ethiopians, and the *Muchamore* of Kamschatka, were all the instruments of physical and intellectual degradation. Carver informs us, that a bean is thrown into the mouths of the religious fanatics, and that the insensibility and convulsions which it occasions terminate only with its rejection from the stomach. The Old Man of the Mountain, in the time of the Crusades, is said to have enchanted his youthful followers by narcotic and exhilarating draughts. The Hindoo widow is supposed to ascend the funeral pile, physically as well as morally fortified against pain. The victims of the Inquisition similarly prepared, are said to have frequently slept in the midst of their torments; and M. Taboureaux assures us that the merciful jailors made their prisoners swallow soap dissolved in water, (the vehicle, doubtless, of more powerful medicaments,) to enable them to bear the agonies of the torture.

It would be difficult to study the history of imposture, whether founded on the miracles of nature or the devices of art, without learning, if we wish to learn, an important lesson. As the mere occupant of a terrestrial paradise, man cannot but appreciate the noble provision which has been made for his wants and his pleasures, and admire the beneficent arrangements which have superadded the refinements of domestic and social life. In his dominion over the animal world, he wields the sceptre of a king; and in the freedom of his range over "a thousand hills," the beauty and grandeur of nature hallow with their finer sensations the rude activity of his lot. From day to day is repeated the mysterious round of life and motion, and were he thus to live and die but in the exercise of his physical powers, the very source and purposes of his being would be the deepest mystery. But when he recognizes within himself the germ of intellectual life, the spiritual element which no chain can bind, and nothing sublunary satisfy, the mystery of his existence is wrapped up in the higher mystery of his fate, and life here and life hereafter combine their mysterious relations but to perplex and alarm him. Mysteriously ushered into life—imbibing mysteries in his earliest lessons—encountering them in his studies—and checked by them in his aspirations—he is yet unreasonable enough to expect that they will be cleared away from the only subject with which they are inseparably combined. We believe that races of animals, anterior to man, have been buried and embalmed in the solid rock beneath us,

and yet we know not why they lived, and by what catastrophe they perished. We believe that a deluge has swept over the earth with its desolating surge, destroying life, and moulding into new forms the hills and valleys which it covered; and yet we cannot discover whence its waters came, and what was their commission. We believe that masses of rock and stone have fallen from the heavens; and yet their source and their errand are equally unknown. But though cherishing even such mysterious convictions, we yet startle at the belief that the Creator of man has revealed to him his will, and that the Sovereign, whose subjects have rebelled, has sent a deliverer to their rescue. If the fulness of knowledge has gradually developed to our understanding the wonders of creation, the fulness of time will as certainly unfold the mysterious arrangements of Providence.

Nor is the power of the marvellous, as an instrument of government, less instructive than the comparison of what the sceptic rejects with what reason compels him to believe. Over our brightest hours there hangs a mysterious cloud, veiling or eclipsing the future, while it casts over the present a sombre and a fitful light. The worldly man seeks to dispel it, and the wise man to pierce it; but, however viewed, it is unceasingly before us, and the spiritual world, like our planet in her darkest eclipse, is still seen in shadowy outline, displaying its mountain tops and its caverns. And though "from that distant bourne no traveller has returned," we yet people it with the beings of our affections, and feeling as if, beneath their eye, and under their care, we willingly surrender ourselves to an influence invisible and undefined. Active at all times and in every place, this reverential fear finds a residence in every bosom. It is the homage of a created spirit to its Master—the becoming awe of a fallen and derived intelligence. Can we wonder, then, that minds thus constituted have, in every age, been slaves to the marvellous, and the easy dupes of every species of imposture that claimed an alliance with the world of spirits? The greater our own veracity the less do we suspect that of others, and the more willingly do we surrender our own judgment to that of our superiors in genius and knowledge. The rising doubt is speedily checked by the display of what, to such minds, must appear supernatural; and the positive possession of powers more than human is easily vindicated by those who have been initiated into the mysteries of science, and have discovered the easiest avenues to the uninstructed mind. So overpowering, indeed, is this kind of influence, and so irresistible is its appeal to the evidence of our senses, that the most accomplished and the least credulous individuals have surrendered themselves at its call.

But though the cunning priest and the needy conjurer still ply their work, yet the reform in religious worship, and the increasing intelligence of the age, have narrowed the magician's sphere, and paralyzed his influence. In place of being a tributary to imposture, knowledge has become its foe. Its empire of power, indeed, has ceased, but its empire of civilization has begun. It no longer governs but guides mankind. Formerly their oppressor, it is now their friend—once the chain which bound them to the earth, now it is "the wing on which they rise to heaven."

The transition from the supremacy of knowledge to the decline of its power, and from ecclesiastical to civil rule, is one of the most extraordinary phases of modern times. As science has become more valuable to the state, she has, in the same proportion, sunk in influence and esteem; and as religion has become more pure and simple, she has, even in a higher ratio, been shorn of her inherent and inalienable rights. An oligarchy of wealth has replaced the nobler oligarchy of knowledge, and a conclave of statesmen has usurped the hierarchy of the church. To compensate for misgovernment, or to quell turbulence, or, perchance, to purchase a temporary quiet, error, intellectually debasing and spiritually fatal, is about to be fostered and endowed, and that system of faith which claims a sovereignty over things temporal as well as eternal, is to be sustained by those very men who have denied to a Protestant church its spiritual jurisdiction, and whose hands are yet scarred with its destruction. If, in their thirst for power, hostile factions shall combine in support of an idolatrous creed, while Protestant truth enjoys but a partial toleration, it is time that the host of evangelism should be marshalled for the combat. The shadow of the coming conflict is already cast before us: Revelation has predicted the collision, and woe be to those who are blind to its indications, or who shrink from the stern duties which they impose.

A CURIOUS engineering project has been described recently before one of the railway committee. To secure a rapid communication with Ireland, it is thought desirable to continue the North Wales Railway across the Menai Straits to Holyhead. The existing suspension-bridge is too weak to bear the railway trains, and the erection of a stone bridge is deemed impracticable. In these circumstances, it is proposed to extend an iron tube or gallery across that arm of the sea, which, from the top of the one bank to that of the other, is 900 feet broad. There is a rock in the middle of the water which divides the space into two. The tube will, therefore, be in two lengths of 450 feet, built like an iron ship of strong plates fastened by rivets, and perhaps strengthened by longitudinal ribs of iron. Its section is to be twenty-five feet in height and fifteen in width. It seems to be thought that the tube will maintain a nearly horizontal position by its rigidity, at a height above the water sufficient to allow masted ships to pass; and that too, while it is loaded with a railway train, weighing sixty or eighty tons.

An immense brass mortar, brought from China by the Cornwallis, has arrived at Woolwich. It weighs eight tons seventeen hundred weight, having a diameter of bore of two feet three inches, and a chamber of twenty inches; the depth of the whole being about five feet. The mortar was found in the bush in China, and partly concealed under ground. It is composed of apparently very fine metal; and the trunions being corroded to a considerable extent, afford evidence that the mortar is of great age. It appears also as if the part where the vent is, which is very perfect and little worn, had been cast again, and inserted in its present position. Some guns recently made for Mehemet Ali in this country, with a bore of only fifteen inches diameter, took shot weighing 400 pounds.



From Chambers' Journal.

## CAPABILITIES.

It has often been a question whether great men are the producers or the produced of great crises. We see a Cromwell live for forty years a quiet country-town life, till at length a national convulsion arising, he, being strongly interested in the views of one of the parties, dashes forward, and, before passing fifty, has all but the crown of England upon his head. Again, we see a French sous-lieutenant of artillery plunging into his country's history at a time of similar confusion, and making himself the most formidable sovereign upon earth before he is thirty-five. If we were to limit our regard to such facts as these, we should be disposed at once to conclude, that a man of powerful character is nothing, unless an opportunity arise for his entering upon a grand career. But, on the other hand, we often see a powerful mind arise in times comparatively tranquil, and work great marvels, apparently by its own inherent energies. We see at times what seem to be occasions for the coming forward of great men upon the stage, and yet they do not come. We then begin to think that perhaps a Cromwell or a Bonaparte contributes to some great, though indefinable extent, in producing the events to which his appearance at first seemed subordinate. We suspect that the civil wars of England, and the French revolution, would not have taken the turn they did, but for the potent and overmastering influence of these individual actors. Thus we are prevented from coming to a decision on the point. And, in fact, this is a question which stands unsettled amongst thinking men until the present hour.

The question, as it appears to me, can never be definitely settled on one side or the other; for neither view is wholly true. But I believe that the truth preponderates in favor of the argument which considers men as requiring circumstances to evoke their mental powers. Strong, active, and original minds will ever tell to some degree upon their circumstances, be these as impassable as they may; but they cannot tell to a great degree, unless at a time when the social elements are in some confusion. And this is simply because, let a single mind be ever so powerful, the fabric of society and its conventionalities is, in ordinary circumstances, stronger still, so that no one can do more than merely modify it in some slight degree, or prepare the way for future operations whereby it may be affected. If the matter be narrowly examined, it will always be found that, where an occasion for the appearance of a great leader passed over without any one coming forward, the necessary stir of the social elements was wanting. The *vis inertia* of the mass is what all single minds find fatal to them, when they attempt to do great things with their fellow-creatures. Hence a Luther, rising in the twelfth century, when the Romish church was at its highest pitch of power, would have only broken his head against its walls. As an obscure heretic, his name would have been forgotten in a few years. Such minds as his must, in the course of nature, have arisen at various periods among the conventual brotherhoods; but they would never become distinguished for more than a somewhat latitudinarian way of dealing with the authority of the prior, or perhaps an occasional fractiousness at the elections of sacristans. It is like the wind-sown seed, much of

which comes to nothing because it lights in stony places, while only what chances to fall on good ground fructifies. And there is another thing to be considered. The most powerful minds are more or less dependent upon things external to them, in order to be roused into due activity. Such a mind droops like the banner by the flag-staff, till the wind of occasion unfurls it. It may pine, and chafe, and wear itself out in vain regrets and ennui, like the prisoned huntsman, or, in the desperation of forced idleness, or unworthy occupation, waste itself upon frivolities idler than idleness itself. But still it will be for the most part a lost mind, unless circumstances shall arise capable of raising it to its full force, and eliciting all its powers. Here a consideration occurs, calling for some collateral remark. We are apt, at a tranquil period, to pity the men who have to fight through civil broils such as those in which Spain has for some years been engaged. In reality, these men are happier than we think them. They have the pleasure of feeling their faculties continually at the full stretch. Victorious or defeated, hunting or hunted, they are thoroughly engrossed in the passing day; not a moment for the torture of excessive ease. Providence is kind to the men who undertake dangerous enterprises. Even when death comes to them—no matter how dreadful his shape—he is met in a paroxysm of mental activity, which entirely disarms him of his terrors.

It follows from these considerations, that there must, at all but extraordinary times, be a vast amount of latent capability in society. Gray's musings on the Cromwells and Miltons of the village are a truth, though extremely stated. Men of all conditions do grow and die in obscurity, who, in suitable circumstances, might have attained to the temple which shines afar. The hearts of Roman mothers beat an unnoted lifetime in dim parlors. Souls of fire miss their hour, and languish into ashes. Is not this conformable to what all men feel in their own case? Who is there that has not thought, over and over again, what else he could have done, what else he could have been? Vanity, indeed, may fool us here, and self-tenderness be too ready to look upon the mispending of years as anything but our own fault. Let us look, then, to each other. Does almost any one that we know appear to do or to be all that he might? How far from it! Regard for a moment the manner in which a vast proportion of those who, from independency of fortune and from education, are able to do most good in the world, spend their time, and say if there be not an immense proportion of the capability of mankind undeveloped. The fact is, the bond of union among men is also the bond of restraint. We are committed not to alarm or distress each other by extraordinary displays of intellect or emotion. There are more hostages to fortune that we shall not do anything great, than those which having children constitutes. Many struggle for a while against the repressive influences, but at length yield to the powerful temptations to nonentity. The social despotism presents the fêtes with which it seeks to solace and beguile its victims; and he who began to put on his armor for the righting of many wrongs, is soon content to smile with those who smile. Thus daily do generations ripe and rot, life unenjoyed, the great mission unperformed. Do angels ever weep? If they do, what a subject for their tears in the multitude of young souls who

come in the first faith of nature to grapple at the good, the true, the beautiful, but are instantly thrown back, helpless and mute, into the limbo of commonplace. Oh conventionality, quiet may be thy fireside hours, smooth thy pillowed thoughts; but at what a sacrifice of the right and the generous, of the best that breathes and pants in our nature, is thy peace purchased!

Is not one great cause of the dissatisfaction which rests on the close of most lives just this sense of having all the time made no right or full use of the faculties bestowed upon us? The inner and the true man pent up, concealed from every eye, or only giving occasional glimpses of itself in whimsical tastes and oddities—uneasy movements of undeveloped tendency—we walk through a masque called life, acting up to a character which we have adopted, or which has been imposed upon us, doing nothing from the heart, “going” our best thoughts to make them lie still. Pitiable parade! The end comes, and finds us despairing over precious years lost beyond recovery, and which, were they recovered, we would again lose. And, if such be a common case, can we wonder at the slow advance of public or national improvement? There must be a design with regard to highly-endowed natures, that they are to bear upon all around them with such intellectual and moral force as they possess, and thus be continually working on for the general good. This we might consider as a sort of pabulum requisite for the public health—something analogous to air or food with respect to the bodily system. But is this moral necessary of life diffused as it ought to be? Let the endless misdirections and repressions of human capability answer the question.

From the Tribune.

#### SATURDAY NIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

THE six days' work is done.  
The harsh realities, the tough turmoils,  
The close consuming cares, the tasking toils  
That hang around one's feet in cankering coils—  
Their weekly course is run.

Sit thou in Sabbath peace;  
Compose thy weary limbs in languor sweet;  
Fold thy tired hands and rest thy faltering feet—  
O, gratefully this mortal frame will greet  
From care a short release.

Wipe from thy dusty brow  
“Careful and troubled about many things;”  
Unloose the cumbrous house-work robe which  
clings  
So closely that the struggling spirit-wings  
Hang heavily and low.

Still on thee, on thee yet  
The spirit of despondency is strong;  
Still crowding cares unto thy lot belong;  
Still must thou strive with outward ill and wrong,  
And many a vain regret.

O, hurried life of mine!  
How “few and far between” thy dreaming hours!  
How shouldst thou turn aside to gather flowers  
From fairy-land, when on thy human bowers  
The sun forgets to shine!

My yearning, yearning heart!  
Is this intense aspiring to be free

A happy or a mournful thing for thee?  
For, O! it hath but little harmony  
With earthly lot and part.

Yes, there is pain in this  
Most passionate longing to o'erreach the clay—  
This exile-thirst which stronger grows each day  
To take the morning-wings and flee away  
To realms of purer bliss.

And yet, not all in vain!  
Do not these cravings in the haunted breast  
Whisper the soul, “Lo, this is not your rest;  
A new existence, in a home more blest,  
Is yours to gain!”

A home of such deep peace  
As eye ne'er saw, nor hath it entered e'er  
Man's heart to dream of that celestial sphere  
Where God's own hand shall wipe away each  
tear  
And bid all sorrows cease!

Then strive, O, still strive thou  
To keep, amid life's weary wearing din,  
Polished and pure the immortal gem within—  
So thou ere long that perfect rest shall win  
Unrealized below.

And now o'erwearied one,  
With thy last waking thoughts give thanks to  
Heaven  
That to earth's toiling children He has given  
A holy pause from care—that this seventh even  
Findeth thy labors done.

Ask Him to lift thy heart  
With all its human yearnings from the dust;  
To strengthen thy weak soul, and fix its trust  
Firmly on Him—and with the perfect just  
Give thee thy better part!

PARAGUAY.—A letter which we have seen states that, on a stranger presenting himself at the frontiers, numerous interrogations are made as to his occupation, religion, and opinions. He is expressly told that he must neither speak of the form of his own government, nor make any remarks upon that which he finds established, and that if he indulge in any conversation that can be considered political, he will be sent out of the country under an escort of Indians. One of the singular circumstances attendant upon the dictator's death, has been the marriage of a large portion of the population previously living together on very equivocal terms. During his life no one was permitted to marry without his special permission, which was not very easily obtained. Fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, grandsons, granddaughters, nay even the fourth generation, as the female is marriageable at the age of twelve, have availed themselves on the same day of the benediction of the priest, and the holy bonds of wedlock have been entered into by whole villages. The society at Assumption is described as singular, in consequence of the severity with which ladies were treated who decked themselves with much finery. Their dress is formed of one single large vestment, with a belt round the waist. At the tertullas, after dancing, as the houses are scarcely furnished, it is usual for the lady to seat herself on her partner's knee; but no inference is to be drawn from this that the morals are more lax than in other countries; custom and habit reconcile us to strange circumstances.—*Polytechnic.*